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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FLORA MACDONALD



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THE

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FLORA M'DONALD

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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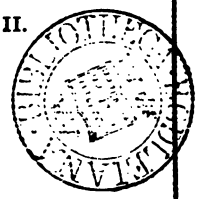
BEING

The Home Life of a Heroine

EDITED BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

"The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."
—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.



Second Edition.

EDINBURGH
WILLIAM P. NIMMO
1870

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

FLORA M'DONALD.

IT was now the beginning of September. For two whole dreary months had I been a priſoner; but it was not ſo much that fact which at times weighed on my mind, as the ſtate of uncertainty regarding the Prince's movements, joined to the knowledge of my dear old friend Kingſburgh's being at that moment confined in Fort Auguſtus, thrown into a damp dungeon, loaded with irons! And if his poor wife ſhould hear of it! My heart bled for her miſery. Really, but for knowing all this, and being ſo far from home, I ſhould have been comfortable enough; and truly did it aſtoniſh me to have to receive

Priſon.

A lion.

ladies and gentlemen who actually came on board to ſee—whom do you ſuppoſe, dear Maggie?—my ain ſimple Highland ſelf! I was made a ſight of as being "The Prince's Preſerver," which was a name I liked to hear from the Jacobite ladies; but others of a different way of thinking ſtigmatiſed me as "The fair rebel who had ſaved the Pretender's life." So there were daily crowds of people flocking to ſee the wonderful Miſs M'Donald! How ſilly all this was! It was really abſurd. Yet ſome were very kind, making me nice pretty preſents as remembrances of their viſiting me on board the ſhip, and uſeful articles too. Plenty of threads and needles came for Katie, and a lady brought a Bible and Book of Prayer, which delighted me very much, not having been able to procure for myſelf a copy of God's bleſſed Word ſince leaving home. I did, indeed, more than ever need its daily peruſal, ſo ſtrengthening and conſoling are its holy pro-

miſes at any time, but more eſpecially in the hour of trial and diſtreſs.

Some of the lady viſitors came ſo often, that Captain Knowler told me I was perfectly welcome to offer them refreſhments, or even invite them to dine with me, if I wiſhed.

And now I muſt mention an amuſing fact. On one occaſion Lady Mary Cochrane, who frequently viſited me, had come to paſs the day on board, and a breeze ſpringing up, ſhe requeſted leave to remain the night, being afraid of a ſmall boat in ſuch a high wind. She aſſerted this as the reaſon, but what, think you, was her ſly motive? I really, although ſo long ago, can ſcarcely ſummon courage to ſtate what may be conſidered, from my pen, a piece of vanity. There being no other ladies' cabin, of courſe ſhe ſhared mine, and while we were preparing for reſt, ſhe confeſſed her ſole deſire for remaining on board was a wiſh to be able to tell her

Fancy.

friends, that ſhe had ſlept in the ſame bed with Miſs Flora M'Donald.

Bed. Now, to explain this, I muſt tell you, Maggie, I had obtained leave to have the comfort of a bedſtead, ſmall as it was, in my cabin; for being ſo long a time in the ſhip, it would have greatly added to my diſcomfort to have been obliged to uſe the narrow bedding, mounted on a kind of ſhelf, which was called a berth, for a continuance. So I boldly aſked for a proper bed, and got it. But for this, Lady Mary would certainly not have been able to obtain her wiſh. Oh, how I laughed at ſuch nonſenſe! Yet this act was trifling to the flattering notice I received at a later period.

The viſitors frequently ſtayed until late in the evening, when ſometimes they managed to have a dance, and ſeemed ſurpriſed when I declined joining. Ah! they could not gueſs the heavy heart concealed under many a forced ſmile! Had I not cauſe to feel ſad,

when often, in the midſt of their merriment, the thought would riſe uppermoſt, that moſt probably all I had done was, after ſo much riſk, of no avail?

One day I was made miſerable by a young gentleman accompanying ſome ladies coming on deck with the—to me—diſaſtrous intelligence of Prince Charles being taken by a militia troop in Moidart, and it was not until the next day that the idle report was contradicted.

Alſo the name of Malcolm M'Leod catching my ear, I was ſair grieved to know he was a priſoner on board a ſloop then bound for London. It was ſome time before I had the opportunity of hearing particulars of his capture, which was almoſt immediately after he took leave of the Prince, after having conducted his Royal Highneſs to Ellagol, the houſe of his brother-in-law, John M'Kinnon. The Prince was much affected, I was told, on parting from Malcolm, gave him his ſilver ſhoe-buckles, and warmly embraced him; Another.

and he put ten guineas into his hand, which the Captain ſtoutly refuſed, ſuſpecting the purſe they came from was not too heavily filled; but the Prince aſſured him he had more than would be required while on the Mainland, and obliged him to accept the money. His Royal Highneſs gave Malcolm the pipe he was ſmoking, which, I heard in later years, has been preſerved in a ſhagreen caſe, and is in the poſſeſſion of another fellow priſoner, Doctor Burton of York.

The pipe.

And while all this unhappy news was worrying my mind, I was expected to play the agreeable to many ſtrangers, who were deſignated by the ſhip's officers as Miſs M'Donald's gueſts. I had no objection to ſing a few of my ſimple Highland ditties, which they were ſeemingly pleaſed with; but as for exerting myſelf by dancing, I could not and would not, and when preſſed almoſt beyond the verge of politeneſs, I ſpoke out boldly:—"My dancing for the preſent, under

the circumſtances in which I am placed, is out of the queſtion, for I am too anxious about the Prince's ſafety, and that of my near relations and friends, to be able to divert myſelf in any way." The rebellious tears ſtarted to my eyes while thus ſpeaking, and ſome of the ladies expreſſed ſympathy for me; indeed, there were a few for whom I began to entertain a ſincere liking, but the many came to ſtare at me, as if I had been a wild animal juſt exported from the Blue Mountains.

At laſt, to my joy, *The Bridgewater* was put under ſailing orders for London. She left Leith Roads the 7th November, and reached the Nore on the 28th; and as poor Katie and I were to be tranſferred to another veſſel, Commodore Smith and Captain Knowler took a moſt kind leave of me, expreſſing their hope of all going well, and of my ſoon being at liberty. They alſo promiſed to ſpeak in my favour to parties high in office, but whether they did exert their influence or not, I never heard.

The Nore.

Well, now behold us on board another ſhip, *The Royal Sovereign* — a compliment, I imagined, to him who was filling the place of Prince Charlie's royal father, which ſovereign was ſoft Geordie of Hanover. However, I would not vex myſelf by thinking of what ſhould have been. No indeed; my thoughts were otherwiſe taken up, for it muſt be confeſſed, I felt nervous on hearing from the converſation around, it was fully expected I ſhould be impriſoned in the fortreſs of London, the diſmal dark Tower about which I had been accuſtomed to read from childhood, and at home we had a large engraving of it hanging in the room where we took our daily leſſons.

Gloom.

How ſtrange are the viciſſitudes of life! Little did I formerly think the day would arrive when I ſhould be incarcerated in ſuch a gloomy place, and poſſibly landed in a boat at the ſtairs of the Traitors' Gate!

It was on the 6th December, a cold, raw

day (as cold as my poor heart was), when we were taken to London and lodged in the Tower. I ſay we, becauſe honeſt Katie was more my friend and companion than my ſervant.

It being late in the evening when we arrived, the effect of the dark ſhadows thrown on the time-worn walls of the dreaded maſſy pile of ſtonework was gloomy indeed, and equally gloomy were the ſad reflections of the lonely Highland laſſie, who then began to realiſe the probability of loſing her life.

Yes; it was more than probable I might never again paſs thoſe ſtern, forbidding-looking portals until on the way to a ſcaffold!

Firm.

But not a queſtion would I aſk, or betray the leaſt ſign of fear, while following the warders to the rooms aſſigned to "Flora M'Donald and her perſonal attendant, a young Highland girl," for thus were we poor priſoners deſignated in a huge piece of parchment, which was read out in due form as ſoon as we had paſſed the wicket-gate of the

portcullis. I fancied the rooms were in a private part of the building, for although very ſmall and low, with high narrow windows, they were not meanly furniſhed. But enough of bolts and bars, as you may ſuppoſe. However, to the uſe of these unfriendly articles by that time I was pretty well accuſtomed.

Dull. Oh! how monotonous were the hours I paſſed while kept a priſoner, with few books, no wheel for ſpinning, only a little needle-ſewing and ſpeaking Gaelic with Katie. Really, but for the companionſhip of that kind, ſimple girl, I think my brain would have turned. The only relaxation we were allowed was an occaſional walk in the dull old garden—at leaſt in the ſpot of ground they called a garden—of burnt-up graſs, and walks covered with duſky moſs and lichens.

Yet it was a change to be taken from our low rooms and to feel the air. How my heart panted for a mountain breeze! My ſtep-father would have grieved had he ſeen the

fading cheeks of his bonnie Highland roſe! Moſt fervently did I pray that the dear ones at home might be kept in ignorance of my perilous poſition.

But in the midſt of ſuch diſtreſs, I could not be left quiet, for even a portrait-painter hunted me out, having got permiſſion from the Conſtable of the Tower, not only to ſee me, but to requeſt "the honour" of my granting him a ſitting. I was very provoked, and at firſt flatly refuſed; but the man looked ſo diſappointed, and as the poor wretch had his canvas and paints ready prepared, I could but conſent,—in truth, more to oblige Katie than to pleaſe myſelf, for I felt much too quiet and ſad to have any tranſactions with painters at that moment.

Dreſs.

The honeſt girl was quite excited on the occaſion, and was ruſhing to the boxes to get out a better gown than I uſually wore while in captivity, but I poſitively refused to dreſs up. "No," ſaid I, "the Engliſh folks who

Picture.

ſo wiſh for my pale face ſhall ſee me juſt as I am." So if hereafter a picture of my wonderful ſelf ſhould ever be forthcoming from perhaps ſome pawnbroker's ſhop, of a diſconſolate-looking damſel in a dark ruſſet gown, with a white roſe ſtuck in the hair, named on the back "Miſs Flora M'Donald, pinx. 1746," the finder will, I hope, conſider he has got a treaſure.

While with Lady Primroſe, at a later period, ſhe inſiſted on my ſitting to ſome of the firſt artiſts, and then her Ladyſhip had me dreſſed in grand ſtyle. I really forget how often I had to undergo this penance, but at that time I was in brighter looks and ſpirits than when I felt ſo miſerable in the gloomy Tower.

And in thinking of thoſe I loved at home, ay, and of another far diſtant—of that one who then filled my heart, and who was in after-years to be my own—ſuch reflections made me ſad. Where were they? How occupied? Poſſibly longing to hear of me,

without an idea of the danger I ſhould have incurred by attempting to get a letter paſſed through thoſe diſmal portals!

At laſt the joyful tidings came that I was to be releaſed from the Tower, and received into the houſe of a private family, who were to keep guard over me until further orders. Really, the high authorities did not appear to know how to deal with the young rebel! Katie was now quite ſure that "the daughter of her father's houſe" would ultimately eſcape puniſhment, return to the homeſtead, and that we (for ſhe always included herſelf in ſuch details) ſhould be moſt marvellous additions to the wonders of the world! Change.

It was indeed with a deep-drawn ſigh of relief that I turned my back on the dreadful fortreſs ſo renowned in hiſtory, but of which I had had more than enough for my experience. We were taken in a cloſe coach, guarded by a troop of the Tower folk, to the gentleman's houſe, where we had comfortable

accommodation. The ladies of the family received me very courteouſly, yet without a remark as to the length of my ſtay, or when I might expect to be finally releaſed from the Argus-eyes of my perſecutors.

It is ſtrange that I have quite forgotten the name of theſe worthy people, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for ſundry little acts of conſiderate kindneſs and forethought, knowing the awkwardneſs of my poſition while under their care.

Visitor.

While thus, as one might have ſaid, on the ladder of liberation from captivity, how was I aſtoniſhed to hear that I might poſſibly be honoured by a perſonal viſit from "His Royal Highneſs Frederick, Prince of Wales!" It appeared he had much curioſity to ſee "The Pretender's Deliverer," for ſuch was my deſignation at the Elector's court, and had been heard to aſk where I was, for he wiſhed to queſtion me himſelf.

Accordingly, one bright afternoon, when I

was ſitting in the beſt room with the lady of the houſe at our ſewing-work, a plain dark-painted coach drove to the door, in which were three gentlemen. The ſervants were in handſome livery coats, but there was nothing in the appearance of the equipage to denote its belonging to a perſon of conſequence; ſo, as I was in the habit of having people coming frequently to ſee "Miſs Flora M'Donald," I thought theſe viſitors might be ſome of them, therefore continued my occupation very leiſurely, when the room door was thrown widely open, and "The Prince of Wales" —alas! not my Prince—was announced. Visit

We inſtantly roſe, but in a very courteous way he begged us to reſeat ourſelves, and requeſted to know which of the ladies he was to addreſs as Miſs Flora M'Donald?

I muſt tell you the lady was about my own age. He motioned to the two other gentlemen to be ſeated, and then turning to me, he ſaid, in a grave, conſtrained manner—

Queſtioned.

"I am here, madam, by his Majeſty's commands, it having been repreſented to him the very extraordinary courſe of conduct you have lately purſued, in having aided the eſcape from Scotland of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart. I would aſk why you have done ſo, and been guilty of an act which not only involves the greateſt danger to yourſelf, ſhould it be his Majeſty's pleaſure to carry out the puniſhment of treaſon, the crime of which you are accuſed, but alſo imperils the lives of ſeveral of your countrymen, and I believe your relatives, who have entangled themſelves in difficulties, the effects of your raſhneſs? That ſuch a young girl as you are ſhould have joined in this headſtrong ſcheme, appears almoſt incredible. And for what purpoſe? Let me aſk you, Miſs M'Donald, to explain the motive which induced you thus to hazard your life. When you engaged in this tranſaction, you muſt have known it was an act

of rebellion againſt the crown of England. I aſk you, therefore, why did you do it? what induced you to think of doing it?"

While he was ſpeaking, I had caſt my eyes down to hide a quivering lip, for I did feel nervous when he talked of treaſon and loſing life. I felt he was looking earneſtly at me; but towards the cloſe of his addreſs, his manner and voice were leſs ſtern, which gave me courage to recover myſelf, and reply—"Your Highneſs does me injuſtice by ſuppoſing that either in thought or deed I had a deſire of acting in any way contrary to the laws of this country; nay, it is true, and can be proved, that when it was propoſed to me to aid the Prince"—(I was determined to ſtyle my ain Charlie by his title)—"I firmly refuſed, nor was it until I ſaw the miſerable ſtate of deſtitution in which he was plunged, that I reluctantly conſented to carry out the plan propoſed." Here he interrupted me, quickly ſaying, "Who propoſed it to you?'

Not guilty.

True.

"I muſt reſpectfully decline anſwering that queſtion. Many, whom I know, are in trouble on account of this affair, and far be it from my lips to ſay the word that would injure them. Your Highneſs is pleaſed to aſk my motive: I ſimply followed the dictates of common humanity in endeavouring to ſave a human being from miſery,—perhaps ſtarvation. That was my ſole motive in agreeing to take him acroſs the water, and as I was going home to my mother in Sleat, the opportunity was ſeized on. I did convey him to Portree, and I am neither ſorry for it, nor aſhamed of having done ſo. If your Highneſs or any of your family had applied to me under ſimilar diſtreſſing circumſtances, I ſhould, with the bleſſing of God, have acted in the ſame manner."

He was ſilent for a few minutes, as if in deep thought, then, in a kinder manner, he ſaid, "Well, madam, I am glad to have heard your verſion of this unfortunate affair, and

from what you ſtate, it ſeems to me that your adviſers, whoever they may have been, are much to be blamed for having placed you in the awkward poſition you are at preſent. Moſt reprehenſible has been their conduct, and when the caſe is repreſented to his Majeſty I feel aſſured he will be of the ſame opinion. I truſt, alſo, he may be diſpoſed to view your conduct more leniently, yet I can promiſe nothing." He then roſe, and addreſſing the gentlemen, who up to this moment had ſat like two dumbies, ſaid, "Come, my lords, we will no longer encroach on the time of theſe ladies." They all bowed and left the room. So much for my interview with royalty. And juſt after the coach horſes were heard clattering over the ſtony ſtreet, who ſhould burſt into the room, and ruſh to me with a kiſs of warm affection, but the beſt of all good-hearted creatures, Lady Primroſe, a Jacobite lady with whom I had become acquainted ſince being releaſed from the

Acquitted.

Tower. She was one of the many who overwhelmed me with kindneſs, and continually ſent gifts of every deſcription. I was very fond of her, and that you may judge of her manner, her Ladyſhip ſhall ſpeak for herſelf.

Liſten. "Well, my dear ſoul, I am ſo delighted to be the firſt to tell the news! Don't be ſurpriſed, my dear, or accuſe me of being a mean liſtener, for I plead guilty to having hid myſelf on the ſtairs while thoſe Hanoverian deputies were croſs-queſtioning you. Yes; and what did I hear his Royal Highneſs—for ſo I ſuppoſe in theſe days one muſt call him—ſay, as he deſcended the ſtairs? Theſe were his words to thoſe gentlemen with him—'I really never was more perplexed, for ſhe evidently meant no harm to the Government; the beſt plan, I think, will be to ſend the young lady back to her native country.' And then, my love, he ſaid more, ſomething about 'female courage' that I could not exactly catch. So there's a joyful hope of your ſoon being at

liberty, you dear thing; and then I ſhall have you with me, go about everywhere, ſee all the ſights of London, you yourſelf being the chief ſhow of the ſeaſon. Rely on it, Geordie will let you go in a few days, for although he is always quarrelling with Prince Frederick, yet his ſon has great influence over him."

This lady, the dowager Lady Primroſe of Dunnipace, was quite a leader of faſhion in the Jacobite circle, therefore ſhe was deſirous of having "The Prince's Preſerver" to exhibit. Faſhion.

But I was feeling very deſponding, like a caged bird panting to be free; for ſo many months had dragged themſelves ſlowly away, it being now July, my ſpirits drooped. No tidings from home; no means of hearing of thoſe friends who were implicated equally with myſelf. It made one's blood run cold to read in the news-ſheets of the frequent executions and horrible cruelties practiſed towards thoſe chiefs of clans and heads of families who had taken part in the unhappy

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

FLORA M'DONALD

coming to ſee "The Prince's Preſerver," indeed, my dear, I muſt have you well dreſſed.

I was obliged to acknowledge having very little left of the ſum my dear mother had ſealed up in a ſmall packet at parting, and ſlipped into my pocket; for having been in confinement ſo long, nearly ſix months, the neceſſity of paying extra for various needful comforts had nearly exhauſted my ſmall fund, and the ſtock of wearing apparel Katie had packed in ſuch a hurry was well nigh worn out.

Short.

Her Ladyſhip turned over all my poſſeſſions, and her inveſtigation ended in the coach being ordered round, and her taking me to a faſhionable warehouſe, and ſelecting a complete outfit of every article I could poſſibly require. One piece choſen for a company-gown was the ſweeteſt thing I ever ſaw; a ſilk ſo thick and rich, it would ſtand alone. It was a pale roſe-colour, with alternate ſtripes of green ſhaded with brown. Oh! I loved that pretty

gown beyond all the others, and have kept the remnants; they are in my boxes ſomewhere.

Well, as ſoon as I was duly equipped, looking, as Lady Primroſe ſaid, like a majeſtic heroine (I muſt enter this nonſenſe, Maggie), I found myſelf fairly launched on the ocean of London gaiety. It was little to my taſte, for the ſimple pleaſures of a quiet Highland life, the cheerful enlivening bagpipe, the lively reel, and our ſtrathſpey, and the gown ornamented with the freſheſt and moſt fragrant heather, were preferable, I thought, to the noiſy muſic, the ſtiff formal dance they called a minuet, which began in couples, moving ſo ſlow, one would ſuppoſe they were marching at a funeral, and the coſtly noſegays of greenhouſe flowers the ladies either carried in their hands or adorned their enormouſly high headgear with. But theſe thoughts I kept to myſelf while appearing pleaſed and happy in the grand ſociety of thoſe whom I might never ſee again.

Cages.

Auctions.

And to be in the faſhion in London, the people appeared to me to live more out of their houſes than in them; in the afternoon viſiting, driving in their family coaches, attending ſale-rooms where trumpery articles were ſold by auction to the higheſt bidder, ſometimes really ſcarcely worth taking home; for the principal part of the amuſement conſiſted in the ladies outbidding each other, and generally amongſt friends, ſo that large ſums of money uſed to change hands in this frivolous way, which no doubt made their huſbands very croſs. However the town ladies would, and I ſuppoſe ever will, contrive to have their own way. Then came the formal dinner-parties—oh! how I uſed to yawn behind my fan—and often we went to ſee the play in Drury Lane, and if it chanced to be a mournful tragedy, I could not help being ſo ſilly as to cry, it all ſeemed ſo natural and like real life. The beſt actor was Mr Garrick, and he certainly was a great man in his profeſſion. Mrs Cibber alſo was wonder-

fully clever: theſe were the firſt ſtage-performers at that time. There have been ſeveral ſince, I believe, as clever; but it is not likely I ſhall ever again be in England, nor, indeed, would I, at my age, waſte my hours on ſuch idle and unprofitable vanities.

Opera.

Oh! then there was another evening amuſement we went to ſee, or rather hear—the Opera, which, Maggie, is a pretty, but very ſtrange performance, and ſurpriſed me at firſt. It was a play ſet to muſic, and ſung as well as acted: very fine, with dazzling ſhowy dreſſes and ſcenery. However, it was dull for me, being in the Italian language. I often wiſhed myſelf away from ſuch gaieties, for I could not be happy while my mind was loaded with care.

Yet my heart was relieved of a great burden in being able to receive letters from dear Scotland. All were well in my home, but I grieved ſair for poor old Kingſburgh, then

lying in Edinburgh Caſtle, after having been ſet at liberty from Fort Auguſtus in miſtake for another Alexander M'Donald; ſo, while on his way home, he was again taken, and treated with much ſeverity. However, in about ſix weeks from this time, he was diſcharged in the ſame manner as myſelf, without a queſtion being aſked.

Fires. Alas! ſome of the chiefs ſuffered ſad loſs. Lochiel's houſe at Auchnacary was burnt about the end of May; Kinlochmoidart's, Keppoch's, Glengary's, Cluny's, and Glengyle's, properties were alſo laid in aſhes. Cattle, ſheep, and goats were driven off; and, dreadful to relate, poor people, men, women, and their bairns, found dead on the hills, ſuppoſed to have been ſtarved!

The worthy lady I was with had loſt a near relation, who was executed at Carliſle, Sir Archibald Primroſe of Dunnipace. She felt it acutely at the time, yet her zeal for the Stuarts was ſo deep-rooted, that ſhe ſaid one

day, while diſcourſing on the ſubject, although he had been a dearly-loved member of her family, yet for Prince Charles, had ten been ſacrificed, ſhe could have borne the ſorrow.

Lady Primroſe was never tired of hearing anecdotes connected with Prince Charles, for whom I really believe ſhe would have ſhed her heart's blood.

The pig.

I remember one day in particular, when there was a wee pig on the dinner-table, ſhe caught a ſmile on my countenance. "Now, Flora, I will know your thoughts—of what are you thinking, dear child? Something about a pig I am ſure—come, let me hear!"

"And pleaſed you will be, dear Lady Primroſe; for that diſh, of which I aſſure you I intend to partake, reminds me of what the Prince ſaid when alluding to his royal mother; and fancy, dear Lady Primroſe, until he told me, I was not aware of her having been the King of Poland's grand-daughter."

"Oh, you ignorant thing! Well, never mind. What about the Queen and the pig?"

Squeaking.

I then related that while on our wanderings, a large fat pig ran out againſt us with ſuch a grunt as never was the like. The Prince burſt out a laughing, and after having indulged in an imitation of its melodious sound, and giving a pull at the flopping frill of his cap, which action highly amuſed me, he ſaid, "Whenever I meet one of thoſe animals, I always take off my hat (bleſs me! I forget this Betty Burke cap!) for the ſake of my dear ſainted mother, who uſed to call me her pretty pig. This was in conſequence of my having ſeen, when quite a child, a huge boar's head as a centrepiece at a court banquet, when, in preference to all the nice ſweets and rich diſhes handed round, I ſcreamed out, loud enough for all the princes, lords, and ladies, and other grand people to hear, 'Give me ſome piggy! I will have ſome piggy!'"

which of courſe cauſed a general laugh at the little Prince's childiſh folly.

"Thank you, Flora! I am glad my roaſted favourite has been the means of my hearing another anecdote connected with our dear Prince. But really you ought to have known that his mother was the Princeſs Clementina, a grand-daughter of the depoſed John Sobieſki. Ay, and that reminds me of two valuable portraits you ſhall ſee in the houſe of a friend of mine, of the Prince's father and mother, painted by Sir Peter Lely. He was a firſt-rate artiſt, and knighted by Charles II., having gained the king's favour by painting all the good-for-nothing ladies of of the court. Oh, my dear! they were very wicked in thoſe days!" Sobieſki.

"And, Lady Primroſe, the Prince told me another circumſtance about his mother, which I will try to repeat in his own words—'My mother,' he said, 'was ſuch a zealous Catholic —nay, if it is not undutiful to her memory to

Bigot.

uſe the word, I would ſay, ſhe was bigoted to that creed, in which I and my brother were brought up. Perhaps,' he ſaid with a ſigh, 'had it been otherwiſe, and that I could in conſcience, Miſs M'Donald, have embraced the Proteſtant faith, I might not have been in my preſent diſaſtrous condition.' After this remark, he was very grave for a few minutes, and then, with the natural livelineſs of manner ſo peculiar to himſelf, and which never entirely forſook him, even when under the heavieſt miſfortune, he turned the converſation. Oh! how I have longed for more of his ſociety, to have heard from himſelf of his early life, of his companions, of his royal parents, and the general habits of the country in which he was born and educated. But, really, while going about in ſuch a ſcrambling manner, every moment in dread of diſcovery, it was impoſſible to converſe freely."

"You may well ſay that, my dear; and Charlie muſt have been juſt a charming

creature when ſuperbly dreſſed, as he always was at the court of the French King. But never mind; your adventure with him has made you a true illuſtration of a riddle I met with lately;—now attend:

Rebus.

The two firſt letters are *male.*
The three firſt . . . *female.*
The firſt four . . . a brave *man.*
The whole word . . a brave *woman.*

And that's what you are, dear Flora," and ſhe kiſſed me,—"a *hero*ine!"

"But now, in return for your intereſting ſtories about Charlie—mind you give me ſome more nice recollections—I will tell you what I heard to-day about that little crooked Scotch nobleman, Lord K——, who is famed in London for being the greateſt owl in the world. He was ſaying to Lady Dermot that there were offices eſtabliſhed in Scotland where every Scotchman was obliged to apply for a paſſport before leaving his country, and

how happy you make me! how kind of the good gentleman! We muſt be grateful in thanking the worthy ſteward for managing it ſo well."

Bluſhes. At this moment Phœbe ſaw our party, ſo ſhe roſe up, giving William a nudge to notice our approach, and ſhe dropped a bobbing courteſey, juſt as the Prince had done not long before, while the lad jumped up, with a haſty pull at his hair in country faſhion.

I entered into their intereſting little love proſpects and family hiſtory, ſaying I wiſhed them ſucceſs, and ſhould come again in a few days to make further inquiries after them. Katie, who always had a word on any ſubject where her miſtreſs was concerned, ſcreamed out, as we continued our walk, "Ay! and wouldna the good leddy at hame" (Lady Primroſe) "gie ye ſome gear for houſe-warming? Ye'll mak' a bonnie pair, though ye're likely, I ween, to ha'e mair luve in the heart than ſiller in the purſe." Now, this being ex-

preſſed by honeſt Katie in Gaelic, the poor peaſants ſtared with eyes and mouths wide open at hearing a jargon in an unintelligible language, which Mrs Dale gave them the meaning of, in a more ſubdued voice than Katie made uſe of.

A few days after, on returning to the village, the whole aſpect of the lovers' bright hopes had changed, and it was with difficulty I could make out poor Phœbe's ſimple tale, owing to the ſobs which burſt from her heart on meeting us again. It ſeemed that the falſe ſteward had his own views in perſuading his maſter to act kindly by the farmer's family. He was in love with pretty Phœbe, who indignantly rejected his diſhonourable offers, which he aſcribed to her partiality for William; and he had ſpitefully told falſe tales of the family, which induced the lord of the manor to order them off his property; added to which, a recruiting-party being in the village, he had taken means to have poor

Clouds.

William decoyed into the ale-houſe, well plied with drink, and given the ſhilling for being enliſted. Fancy poor Phœbe's diſtreſs on ſeeing the gay ribbons in the hat of her lover, and the agony of her mind greatly increaſed by his upbraiding her for having liſtened to the worthleſs ſteward. She madly aſſured him of her innocence, went on her knees to the corporal to try to buy him off with all the money ſhe poſſeſſed, a miſerable eight ſhillings, but a guinea was required.

Tears. She told her ſtory ſo pathetically, I believe I dropped a tear, and as for Katie, ſhe blubbered aloud, vowing vengeance on the gentleman and his overſeer. My hand was in my pocket. I gave her the guinea, and good Mrs Dale added her trifle.

The name of the lieutenant in command was given to me. Strange to ſay I knew him, for he viſited Lady Primroſe; ſo I took an opportunity to intereſt him in the affair, and he kindly ſent William home, when,

after a meeting with Phœbe, the lovers were reconciled, everything explained, and they were very ſoon married; not, however, before they had kiſſed my hands in gratitude.

There is a great delight in being inſtrumental to the happineſs of our fellow-beings, in whatever path of life they may move in. Lady Primroſe aſſiſted them in furniſhing their little cottage, and I have often inquired after the welfare of my ruſtic couple.

Believe me, dear Maggie, my life while in England was not exactly an uneventful one. I can inſtance a circumſtance that occurred while I was with Lady Primroſe. She had country friends about fifty miles from London, Sir Archibald and Lady B——, with whom, from ſo conſtantly meeting, and their uniform kindneſs, I felt myſelf on intimate terms.

Events.

They were not Scotch, but they were ſo bit by the Jacobite mania, that all affairs connected with the bonnie Prince were regarded with peculiar intereſt, which alſo made me come in for

a larger ſhare of their admiration than ſuch a ſimple Highland laſſie would otherwiſe have merited. To reach their reſidence, it was uſual to take the daily coach, a public conveyance holding four inſide and eight on the roof. True, I might have gone to the expenſe of a poſting-carriage, and, as matters turned out, I devoutly wiſhed I had; but how happy it is for us that we cannot foreſee events and probable dangers!

Alone.

Katie did not accompany me on my viſit to Highton Park, for really her ſtrange ways and noiſe amongſt Lady B——'s faſhionable airified English ſervants, would have made me very uncomfortable, ſo I determined to take the journey alone. Lady Primroſe ſaw me to the coach, and my only fellow-traveller was a young man of elegant appearance, with a gentle, pleaſing countenance. I ſmiled farewell to Lady Primroſe, the footman ſaw my box placed on the roof, and the coach rattled on.

My young gentleman was moſt polite, raiſed and lowered the windows to ſuit my convenience, and after a while entered into a moſt agreeable converſation reſpecting foreign countries and habits. He had a travelling book in his hand, the leaves of which being uncut, he uſed a paper-knife. Maggie, you have ſeen the kind of knife a hundred times, an ivory cutter, with penknife at the end. Oh! how well I remember that knife!

Well, all went on ſmoothly, and might perhaps have continued ſo, had I not made a very natural, yet, as it turned out, a moſt unfortunate remark. "Sir," ſaid I, "you appear to have been a great traveller." No ſooner were thoſe words ſaid, than he raiſed his hands in a moſt excited way, almoſt ſhouting out, "Traveller! yes, indeed, I have been a traveller! and for what, madam? Tell me why, and for what cause I have travelled, madam?" Here he motioned nearer to me, at the ſame time flouriſhing the cutter with

The ſpring.

Mad.

its open blade.—"For my health, yes; madam, for the recovery of my health from a brain fever. They ſaid I was out of my mind, mad for ſome time; but that was a lie, I was ſoon as well as I am now."—He laughed in that dreadfully idiotic way ſo peculiar to inſanity.—"I am quite recovered—as well as ever I was. You ſee I am quite well. Tell me directly you do not doubt it. Tell me ſo." And then he ſtarted up, catching hold of my wriſt, while his eyes glared like a wild bull. Oh! how alarmed I was! in fact I was too frightened to ſcream, and had I done ſo, perhaps he would have uſed his knife. My heart beat to that degree, I could hear its pulſations. I dreaded the weapon being plunged into me. "You don't think me mad! Say you ſee I am all right! Tell me ſo directly, or, madam, I'll put you out of the window!"

I faltered out, "Oh, yes; you are perfectly well; nothing whatever is the matter with

you. How could any one think otherwiſe?"

I ſpoke in that way, having heard that inſane people muſt, for ſafety's ſake, be always humoured, whatever their vagrant fancies may be, and thank God I recollected the caution. The poor, deranged young man went on with his ravings.

"Ay! you are a ſenſible young woman. You view the matter as every perſon ſhould have done. But I might indeed have gone abſolutely mad; for, madam, they treated me like a dog—like an animal"—here he let go my wriſt—"tied thoſe two wriſts together—kept me in bed when nothing on earth ailed me. However, I had a ſort of revenge, I bit the ſheets to rags. And imagine a vile old wretch being placed in the room, who took away all my clothes—the horrid thief!—fed me with ſpoon-meat, ay, and even my razors were nowhere to be found. But I determined to outwit their ſuppoſed clever-

Stark mad.

neſs. Madam, I had a ſtrange feeling. You know what that feeling is. Tell me inſtantly you do; for I ſee you have had fever yourſelf. You may have been even worſe than I was—perhaps really mad—inſane—deranged—ſay you have; ay, I ſee you can enter into what my feelings were. Haven't you been mad?"—and he ſtarted up, his eyes glaring more than before. I meekly anſwered, "Yes, ſir, I know it all."

Worſe.

"Then you have been mad?"—"Yes."

"There, now, I knew I was right; ſo you ſhall hear what I did. I had a wiſh to put an end to myſelf. You muſt know what that feeling is; you have alſo had the inclination; you have alſo ſeen a black imp in the corner of the room telling you how to do it? Say you have—I know you have!"—another tug at my poor wriſt. So I gently ſaid, "Yes, I have ſeveral times wiſhed to deſtroy myſelf." "And ſeen the imp?"—"Yes."—"Well, madam, and I ſhould have done it, but for that

vile beldame with her owliſh eyes always fixed on me. At laſt I feigned ſleep, and ſoon heard the old creature limping down ſtairs. Ha! what did I do? Sprang out of bed, ruſhed to the waſhſtand, ſmaſhed the drinking-glaſs, and ruſhed into bed again with two large pieces."

Here I thought it wiſe to pretend ignorance of his motive.

"What did you break the glaſs for?" ſaid I, my poor heart beating as faſt as before, yet I ſpoke in a quiet tone.

"What for? Why, you muſt know, madam, what my intention was. Something whiſpered in my ear—'Kill yourſelf, kill yourſelf.' You have heard that voice. I know you have—for you have evidently been worſe than I was—every feeling you have experienced. So, juſt on the point of working away at my throat, who ſhould bounce into the room but the lame creature, who was ſo inſpired, that ſhe really ruſhed at me, and,

Worſt.

with her iron graſp, forced me to relinquiſh the glaſs. 'Oh, my lad,' ſaid ſhe, 'I'll have none of them there pranks, ſo pleaſe to behave yourſelf, or there's a nice-fitting waiſtcoat for you.' I believe I was a little ſtrange, and no wonder, while enduring ſuch treatment; but I have never had a return of fever from that time to this, and ſoon became as well as I am at this moment."

Over.

Then came another idiotic laugh, which frightened me almoſt as much as his violence. After that he ſaid no more, leant back in the coach, apparently intent on the road, when, on coming in ſight of a handſome houſe and grounds, he ſprang up and called to the coachman, "Hallo, coachy! here I am at home; let me out, I ſay." He was put down at the lodge-gate, and now that the paroxysm of inſanity had paſſed off, he reſumed his former manner, and made me as elegant a bow as any nobleman might have done. Alas! poor young man! he was not fit to

travel alone, although, on the preſent occaſion, he might have got on quietly enough, if I had not unhappily hit on the tender word of his weakened brain—traveller. Indeed, his violence had ſo unnerved me, it required all my kind friends' attention, on reaching Highton Park, to calm my agitation. Lady B—— ſaid I ſhould not again be ſubjected to ſuch a ſcene of real danger; and that knife might have put it out of my power to be now writing this account of the tranſaction. Therefore, on returning to London, ſhe ſent her maid with me, and the journey was made without any awkward adventure. Paſt.

But this viſit was fated to be one of more intereſt than I had anticipated.

Dear Maggie, before commencing theſe memoirs, I told you that mine was too uneventful a life to note down its particulars; yet, as my pen runs on, and various ſcenes ariſe from their hidden depths of memory, I begin to think the reverſe, and even while

viſiting Highton Park a remarkable incident took place.

A lady, I ſhould ſay about thirty years of age, was ſtaying in the houſe as a gueſt, Lady B—— informed me, for ſhe was uncomfortably ſituated in life, her father, an influential country ſquire, having taken a ſecond wife, who inſiſted on Miſs Bingly ſeeking a home elſewhere. Having had an excellent education, ſhe was well qualified to take a ſituation as governeſs, and Lady B—— mentioned her caſe to a friend who was intimate with a French lady, the ſecond wife of an Italian nobleman, the Conte D'Orani. The Conte's daughter by the former marriage was about eighteen, and the Conteſſa had one child, quite a young boy. While in England the Conteſſa was inquiring for a lady to reſide with her in Italy as governeſs for their little ſon, and alſo to be a friendly companion to herſelf, as ſhe was much alone, the Conte generally being abſent, either in Florence or

Governeſs.

Paris. The family reſidence was quite in the country, an iſolated, gloomy, old caſtle, and the Conteſſa had ſcarcely any ſociety; but all this and other diſcoveries Miſs Bingly made when, on accepting the ſituation, ſhe accompanied the Conteſſa to Italy. She ſtayed abroad about eighteen months, then returned to London and renewed the ſociety of her former friends. She, however, was not communicative; far from it, for a kind of Silence. myſtery ſeemed to hang over the cauſe of her leaving ſuch an eligible ſituation: her lips ſeemed ſealed on the ſubject of what had taken place while ſhe was in the caſtle. All ſhe ſaid was, that it was too dull a reſidence to ſuit her naturally lively diſpoſition, there being ſo little ſociety either viſiting at the caſtle or in the neighbourhood, and alſo that the young Signorina Giulia was too overbearing and haughty to be under the control of any governeſs. "In fact," ſaid Miſs Bingly, "after being there a month, I did not intend

to ſtay—I was much too unhappy—I could not remain for a continuance, although the Conteſſa would have doubled my ſalary, and ſhe was a charming perſon; but no power on earth ſhould have kept me an hour after the time agreed on. I only regret I ſtayed beyond the firſt week."

In vain her friends demanded the cauſe, but to no purpoſe; ſhe would reply to no queſtions, always repeating, "I was too unhappy to ſtay."

Solicitude.

"Nor have I," ſaid Lady B——, while giving me theſe particulars, "the ſlighteſt idea of her reaſon, or why ſhe is ſo altered both in manner and appearance. She uſed to be lively and ever ready to oblige, now you muſt perceive how grave and abſtracted ſhe is; there is evidently ſomething on her mind which I have tried to get at,—not, I aſſure you, dear Miſs M'Donald, from idle curioſity, but from the wiſh that ſhe had a friend to confide in. We all know what a relief it

is to an overburdened heart, to let it burſt the bonds of a concealed grief. Ah! little did Lady B—— know how my heart could reply to that ſentiment! "Beſides," continued her Ladyſhip, "Miſs Bingly is really not in ſpirits to take another ſituation, and as I have a ſincere regard for her, and pity her poſition, ſhe is moſt welcome to a home with me. I am not without the hope of ſome day ſo far thawing the ice of concealment as to induce her to tell me the cauſe of the extraordinary change that has come over her." Sadness.

And little did Lady B—— then conceive that the ſtrange myſtery—at leaſt a part of it, for the after-details which I ſhall have to relate were moſt horrid—was to be explained on the following day.

Thus it was:—

We were ſitting in Lady B——'s morning-room, her Ladyſhip and I at needlework, Miſs Bingly as uſual with a book in hand, although too abſtracted to uſe it, nay, for matter of

Clairvoyance.

that, I verily believe ſhe held it upſide-down, when we were ſtartled by her uttering a violent ſcream. She ſprang from her ſeat, claſped her hands, and, with a horrified look, appeared to be addreſſing ſome one in the verandah. "O Giulia! Giulia! you wicked, bad girl! I thought as much! You have then killed her!" With thoſe words ſhe fell down in a ſwoon, nor was ſhe reſtored to her ſenſes for ſeveral hours. At laſt, on opening her eyes, ſhe ſighed deeply, and exclaimed, "Where am I? where is that dreadful girl? take her away!"

We gradually calmed her, and a flood of tears greatly relieved her, after which ſhe was able to tell us what had occaſioned the ſhock.

"I was in deep thought," ſaid ſhe, "my eyes fixed on the window, when the ſhadow of a female figure cloſely muffled up ſeemed to glide acroſs the verandah. She ſlowly raiſed the long veil, held out her hand, in

which was a glaſs goblet, and looked fixedly at me, with a triumphant yet ghaſtly ſmile; then turned the glaſs as in the act of emptying it. Oh, horror! That phantom was Giulia d'Orani, and in her other hand was a bloody dagger!"

Poor Miſs Bingly was too agitated to ſay more at that time, but later ſhe ſent for Lady B——, to whom ſhe made the following diſcloſures.

Relief.

"No doubt you have been ſurpriſed, dear lady, by my ſo conſtantly refuſing to ſtate particulars relative to my manner of life while with the Conteſſa in Italy, and the cauſe of my leaving the caſtle; and, indeed, up to yeſterday I ſhould ever have kept a ſtrict ſilence on that painful ſubject. But now it becomes needful I ſhould break through that apparently ſtrange ſilence, for from the appearance of that dreadful figure, I am led to believe that what I ſo much feared has come to paſs. I feel certain the life of the

Hate.

amiable Conteſſa has been taken away through the inſtrumentality of her wicked ſtep-daughter. Yes, Lady B——, you may well ſtart. That bad girl hated the Conteſſa, and even has gone ſo far as to ſay to me, that ſhe would ſome day ſilence her miſchievous tongue. Part of her hatred was cauſed by the refuſal of the Conte to ſanction her marriage with a perſon of inferior birth and no fortune; and becauſe the Conteſſa urged her to give up her lover, the wretched Giulia determined to ſeek an opportunity of wreaking vengeance for, as ſhe ſaid, her ſtep-mother's vile influence over her father.

"I ſuſpected the manner ſhe contemplated taking the poor lady's life, knowing the Signorina was not unacquainted with the nature of various poiſons, which was the eaſieſt mode of effecting her purpoſe, the Conteſſa being in the habit of taking tiſanes of many kinds; ſo I carefully watched the girl's proceedings, and even had an antidote

in caſe my poor friend's life ſhould be attempted. For this reaſon it was that I reluctantly agreed to ſtay longer at the caſtle; indeed, the Conteſſa entreated me to do ſo with tears; alſo the Conte ſaid he would be ſorry if I meditated leaving his little boy, who was fond of me, and paid attention to whatever I taught him. He was a very dear child, moſt engaging; but altogether mine was an uncomfortable life, a daily witneſs of the Conteſſa's unhappineſs, and having to endure the daughter's inſolence. It was painful alſo to ſee the Conte's indifference towards his wife, whom he had only married for her large fortune. They had but one ſubject on which they could agree, and that was in thwarting the daughter's diſgraceful love affair. But had I been even more unhappy, I could not in conſcience have left the Conteſſa at the mercy of ſuch a bad-hearted girl, and might have remained, had not an attempt on my own life urged my departure. I ſhall always think

The boy.

Attempts.

it was made in conſequence of my having ſeen ſome queer-looking ſubſtance in a bottle of medicine prepared for the Conteſſa, my ſuſpicions being previouſly excited by Giulia's anxiety to aſcertain whether the medicine had been taken. There was a thick ſediment in the glaſs, which the unfortunate lady was in the act of raiſing to her lips! I ruſhed acroſs the room, and daſhed away the glaſs, juſt in time to avert the cataſtrophe. The Conteſſa ſhook her head, looking mournfully at me. I ſee her now!—that laſt look! 'Ah!' ſaid ſhe, 'ſome day—ſome day!' That was all ſhe uttered; but full well did I know ſhe dreaded the fatal event. And now, dear Lady B——, it has happened, for the viſion I ſaw yeſterday tells me ſhe has died by foul play. Yes! and I have a ſtrong preſentiment that the wicked young murderes is alſo numbered with the dead. Alas! had I remained, the dear Conteſſa might ſtill be living. But how could I do ſo? My life had been endangered

by poiſoned ſoup. Yet, not knowing how to act, I conſulted an old lady who lived not far off: ſhe was Engliſh, a widow, and a great comfort to me in my lonelineſs. It was by her advice I determined to quit the hateful caſtle, though not without difficulty. The dear, amiable Conteſſa!—it coſt me much diſtreſs to part from her and her pretty boy. And it is the preſſure of a ſolemn promiſe ſhe exacted from me of not divulging the cauſe of my leaving that has kept me ſilent, and the conſtant dread of what might happen to her has taken away my energy and ſpirits. Do you forgive me, my dear friend? for, indeed, I can ſcarce forgive myſelf for not having treated you with the confidence your kindneſs has ever merited." Sealed.

Lady B—— begged ſhe would ſay no more, but be calm and compoſed, for which purpoſe ſhe was leaving the room, when Miſs Bingly called her back, with the requeſt that Miſs M'Donald might be made acquainted

with what ſhe termed "her melancholy tale." "I like that girl," ſhe ſaid, "for ſhe is ſenſible, and muſt be admired for her devotion to the Prince. Yes! I ſhould wiſh her to know why I have been ſo dull, and unable to enjoy her agreeable ſociety."

Egotiſt. I am no egotiſt, Maggie, yet obliged to record theſe flattering remarks, or ſhould be no true chronicler.

Miſs Bingly received a long letter, indeed, quite a packet, from her friend, Mrs Hutton, which arrived juſt three days after the verandah-ſcene. It had a black ſeal and the Italian poſtmark, ſo before it was opened we gueſſed the fatal contents. In truth, Miſs Bingly was too agitated to read it, and handed it to Lady B——. It was as follows,—for the hiſtory of this unhappy family was ſuch a curious one, ſo full of painful romance, I requeſted permiſſion to take a copy, which I knew Lady Primroſe would feel intereſted in peruſing, and I inſert it in theſe memoirs.

"DEAR MISS BINGLY,—I am truly diſtreſſed in ſending you ſad, very ſad news. Our dear Conteſſa is no more! and there is every appearance of her death having been cauſed by poiſon. Ah! our ſuſpicions were only too well founded, for that bad bold girl, in an exulting way, almoſt confeſſed the deed. But I muſt even ſhock you ſtill more, for the tragedy only two days ſince enacted in that odious caſtle will ſcarcely be credited. I feel at a loſs for words to expreſs how the horrid events occurred, and will try to be as conciſe as poſſible.

"*All three are gone—father, mother,* and *daughter!* I ſcarcely know what I am writing; but you will be ſo anxious for particulars. It ſeems the Conteſſa's confidential French maid was as ſtrict in guarding her miſtreſs againſt the plots of that wicked girl as you were; but poor Louiſe was lying dangerouſly ill, which, no doubt, gave the Signorina her long-wiſhed-for opportunity. Murder.

Horror.

The poiſon was adminiſtered in a glaſs of Hungary water,—the doctor ſays ſo openly; but not all his ſkill could ſave her. The Conte, I muſt ſay, is very kind, and declares the perpetrator ſhall be brought to juſtice, even ſhould the aſſaſſin be his own daughter; but he will not believe her guilty. His brother-in-law is at the caſtle,—Monſieur de St Marlean,—and he attended the funeral with other relations of the Conteſſa, who left immediately afterwards. Monſieur is going to have the affair thoroughly inveſtigated; even if it ſhould be neceſſary to exhume the body. *The daughter's hand deſtroyed her father!* The details are frightful. She had a violent altercation with the Conte, in ſuch a loud tone as to be overheard from the apartment adjoining his ſtudy. She braved his authority, ſaying, ſhe was reſolved on marrying that low man—you know whom I mean—and demanded as a right the money falling to her ſhare on the Conteſſa's death.

"'Never,' ſaid the Conte, 'ſhall you inherit a ſous of your victim's property!"

"'Victim!' ſhe cried, in a ſcoffing tone; 'prove your words, my Lord! Ay! if you dare to defy me, or refuſe to ſign theſe papers which are duly prepared by a notary, giving me on your death full poſſeſſion of the caſtle and eſtates, I will damage your reputation in ſuch a way you will be obliged to fly this country, and perhaps hide in your dear favourite France, from which hated clime you thought it fit to bring a woman to place as a ſtep-mother over my head. But enough of that ſtory, all now finiſhed. Sign thoſe papers, or I will be avenged.' Shame.

"'Giulia!' ſighed the poor father, 'you have ever been a moſt undutiful heartleſs daughter. I cannot control your diſgraceful marriage intentions, but theſe eſtates are hereditary and'——

"'I know they are, and I am your eldeſt born.'

"'Not ſo; they will belong to my ſon.'

"'Oh! then you wiſh to place that puny brat over my head!' She gave an ironical ſmile. 'But my dear little brother requires a ſiſter's care and attention—he muſt have medicine—a *ſtrong doſe*, my Lord!'

"'Giulia! wicked girl! you muſt be mad to entertain ſuch horrid ideas! Surely one victim will ſuffice on whom to work your wickedneſs!'

"'Say theſe words again at your peril, and I will—— but ſtay; ſign thoſe papers,' ſhe cried out, with a menacing attitude, 'or dread my vengeance!'

"'Never! I will not ſign away my boy's inheritance!'

Struggle. "After theſe words ſcuffling ſounds were heard, and a deep groan, mingling with dreadful ſhrieks.

"The attendants ruſhed in. Oh, what a horrid ſight! There lay the Conte almoſt dying from a dagger-wound in the breaſt,

and the wretched Giulia extended on the floor in a pool of blood—dead! The point of a dagger was ſtill in her heart. The table was overturned, ſo the ſuppoſition is, that in the act of ſtabbing her father, ſhe had dragged the table over her, in the fall occaſioning another unſheathed dagger to ſtrike her wicked heart. No doubt it all occurred in this way, for ſhe was of too cowardly a nature to attempt her own life, therefore the crime of ſelf-murder is fortunately not to be added to her black catalogue of crime! The ſheath of the dagger was in her girdle. Nemeſis.

"The Conte ſurvived only an hour; gaſping for breath, he was unable to ſpeak beyond a few almoſt indiſtinct words to Monſieur de St Marlean, in whoſe hand he placed thoſe of the poor orphaned child. His look was ſuplicating. Monſieur underſtood his meaning. 'Yes, D'Orani,' ſaid he, 'I accept the charge, and will never forſake my nephew.'

"The Conte faintly ſmiled, his eyes became

fixed and glaſſy, and with a deep groan he expired.

" He will be interred with the Conteſſa in the family-vault. Alas! ſo ſoon to be re-opened. Not ſo the young murdereſs! for the neighbours are ſo exaſperated, eſpecially the peaſantry, that ſome of them declare they will kick the coffin to pieces, and throw the body in a deep pit! therefore ſhe is to be buried at an unknown hour, perhaps at night. Thus ends this dreadful affair. I feel quite upſet at witneſſing ſuch horrors!

Rage.

" You remember Madame de St Marlean—a nice perſon! Monſieur inquired for you, regretting you were no longer with little Henri. It is melancholy to hear the poor child; he is ſo conſtantly lamenting his 'petite maman.' I really think, if you would like to be ſo placed, they would be very glad for you to reſide with them near Paris, and to have the ſuperintendence of the little boy. In fact, Monſieur told me to hint the ſubject to you;

ſo think of it, dear Miſs Bingly, and give an anſwer ſoon.

"I cannot write any more. It will be ſome time before I ſhall get over the events of the laſt few days. Write ſoon to

"Your ſincere friend,

JANE HATTON."

Sympathy.

This ſad hiſtory made us all melancholy, and poor Miſs Bingly was quite overcome. She reflected on her friend's advice, and accepted Sir Archibald's kind offer of communicating with Monſieur de St Marlean; ſo, when I left my kind friends to return to Lady Primroſe, to whoſe houſe Sir Archibald kindly eſcorted me, on taking leave of Miſs Bingly, ſhe told me that it was her intention to travel almoſt immediately to France, and take charge of her little favourite.

But I leave this melancholy tale, and go on to ſay how tired I ſoon became of the conſtant whirl of London faſhionable life—out

all day in her Ladyſhip's coach, and every night to ſome public place: different kinds of amuſement to while away the late hours. I was ſick of the compliments paid me; indeed, in many caſes the attentions of gentlemen went beyond compliments. I am fearful of being thought vain in repeating ſuch matters, yet, after the lapſe of ſo many years, I may ſay, that, had I been ſo diſpoſed, I might have been moſt eligibly married, for I had offers far above me in poſition and wealth. The eldeſt ſon of a Cambrian baronet, well known for his riches and the poſſeſſion of a noble eſtate, was very devoted; he really ſeemed attached to me, and his ſuit was warmly advocated by his friend, Lady Primroſe; yet it pained me to reject a perſon evidently amiable and talented. I could not acknowledge the reſidence of a partiality in my heart for one who had perhaps forgotten me. So, Maggie, the beaux who flattered a ſimple Highland laſſie with propo-

Propoſals.

ſals of marriage, could not ſucceed in their hopes. But enough of this.

It was reported to me that the Princeſs of Wales had been diſpleaſed by Lady Margaret M'Donald having appeared at court (ſhe was obliged to go, Sir Alexander having been in attendance on the hateful Duke of C——), ſaying, "She was ſorry ſhe had not previouſly known that Lady Margaret had been concerned in the eſcape of the Pretender."

"Well, madam," replied Prince Frederick, to whom the remark was made, "ſuppoſe you had known it! Would you not have acted in the ſame manner if that unfortunate man had appeared before you in ſuch calamitous circumſtances? I know, I am ſure, you would." Rebuke.

No doubt the Princeſs felt the rebuke, and was aſhamed of ſuch a heartleſs ſpeech.

Regarding myſelf, I heard the Prince would not allow any one to ſpeak but with becoming reſpect relative to Prince

Charles's eſcape. He once ſaid, "he could appreciate the worth of my exertions, although they were uſed for the ſafety of a rival."

Character. Prince Frederick was an amiable man, noble minded and generous in character, far different to his father, who was paſſionate, obſtinate, and dreadfully ſtingy in his habits. Therefore, the father and ſon being ſo oppoſite in diſpoſition, the reports bruited about of their diſagreements occaſioned no ſurpriſe to thoſe who could withdraw the veil from the concealment of inner court-life.

And one day I ſaw paſſing in a royal coach ſuch a pretty child—Prince George, the ſon of Prince Frederick—who, many years from this time, mounted the throne, the property of the Stuarts, as George III. of Great Britain; for Prince Frederick dying in 1751, this boy, then only thirteen years of age, ſucceeded his grandfather, Old Geordie, as he was always named in the Highlands.

I was returned to Skye when Prince Frederick died, and truly concerned I was to hear of the ſad event. But how I do digreſs! My friends will be tired of reading all this. So I go on to the time of my leaving the hoſpitable roof of dear Lady Primroſe; for, after receiving the Government pardon, oh! how I longed to be at home again. Alſo, I was tired of being ſtared at; for ſuch an ado was made of the little act by which the dear Prince had eſcaped, as never was the like! The curioſity of the people was really annoying. Sometimes I felt the colour mount to my cheeks, and tears in my eyes, when young men ſo far forgot what was due, not only to a ſtranger in their country, but to the ſhrinking timidity of a ſimple-minded girl, as to ſtand in groups around the doors of the houſes where I accompanied Lady Primroſe to parties and routs to look at me! And frequently I heard diſloyal remarks about Prince Charles, which vexed me

Vexed.

even more than their inconſiderate rudeneſs to myſelf.

Return. But all this was to come to an end, for the time drew nigh for me to begin journeying to dear Scotland. The recollection of its blue hills and ſweet heather was too deeply impreſſed on my memory to make me regret quitting England; nor could I ever wiſh to reviſit a land where ſo many of my days had been paſſed in anxiety and wearineſs. Nay, even while my kind hoſteſs did all ſhe could to amuſe and cheer me up, yet the uneaſineſs I was enduring about all the dear people at home, no one had a diſtant idea of. I think her Ladyſhip gueſſed my ſecret wiſh to be with thoſe I loved; for one day, while at our needle, ſhe remarked on my altered looks, which ſhe ſuppoſed was cauſed by the cloſe air and late hours of London life. "So, my dear, although I wiſh you could ſtay with me altogether, yet, as health is the firſt conſideration, and much I ſhall

grieve to part with you, my dear creature, I muſt not be ſelfiſh; your friends muſt be wearying for your return. Only you muſt not think of going until I ſhall have arranged a nice plan for your travelling comfortably home. What do you think of Malcolm M'Leod being at liberty, and about to return to Raaſay? I heard this yeſterday. So, my dear, it is all ſettled in this head of mine, that you and he, and that half-mad ſcarecrow Katie, ſhall journey back together—the opportunity is too good to be loſt. And another thing I have to tell you. Now, my dear, your Highland pride muſt not be offended by the knowledge of my having raiſed a little fortune for the fair 'Prince's Preſerver.' Ay! my dear,—do not look ſo aſtoniſhed,—I have been about it all this time. And now look here, my dear ſoul! here 's a nice preſent to take back to your home."

Eſcort.

She went to a cabinet, and drew out an

Dowry.

elegantly-knitted ſilk purſe, ſaying, as ſhe placed it in my hand, "There's juſt fifteen hundred pounds—a pretty little ſum," added ſhe, ſignificantly, "to help on the intended wedding." Then ſhe kiſſed me and ſmiled. I knew the alluſion, for Lady Primroſe had often joked me about having an admirer in a ſly corner, on occaſions when I declined receiving attentions from one gentleman in particular whom ſhe much wiſhed me to marry. I fear at this moment my conſcious cheeks told her the true tale. "Well, my dear, there's no controlling theſe little heart affections. Be married and happy, dear Flora! and may I live to ſee you ſo, ſhould I ever viſit again the bonnieſt of all countries—my native Scotland.

Was ſhe not kind, this dear lady, who had been like a ſecond mother during all my troubles?

Well, true to her word, the very next day Malcolm M'Leod came to dinner; and well

do I remember how he made us laugh by mentioning a circumſtance which happened while the Prince was concealed in a cave during his wanderings in Raaſay. "Only two men were with him," ſaid Malcolm. "I forget their names,—a M'Donald, of courſe, Miſs Flora" —looking archly at me—"for Charlie always managed to have one of that faithful clan with him."

On this occaſion they were foraging for proviſions, and left the Prince alone. Night came on, and having no light, he lay down in his plaid, and tried not to feel the hard rough ſtones under him; but the intenſe cold drove away all chance of ſleep. Then recollecting an old blanket which was in a bundle at the end of this diſmal hole, he ſprang up, groping his way down the cave, which was ſo narrow, that by ſtretching out his arms he could touch the ſides. It was a gradual deſcent towards the end, not more than three feet in height.

Content.

As he advanced thus ſlowly, he heard a queer ſound, like the clattering of a perſon's teeth from cold. Naturally thinking of a concealed enemy, and having not even a ſtick to defend himſelf, he thought of retreating, when, through the chinks of the broken rock—his eyes by this time more accuſtomed to the gloom—a ſtrange ſight made him ſtart.

Spy.

"And what d'ye think it was? My lady, ye'll never gueſs. I can't help laughing when I tell this ſtory, and ſo did his Royal Highneſs afterwards. A poor little old monkey, ſitting all of a heap, ſhivering and clattering his jaws like a pair of nut-crackers!" But the wiſe creature had tried to make himſelf comfortable under exiſting circumſtances, having burſt open the bundle, ſcattered the things about, ſtuck a red night-cap on his head in moſt jaunty faſhion, and wrapt around him was the blanket intended to ſhelter the ſhoulders of royalty! Oh! he grinned and chattered, with ſuch ſtrange

howlings, the Prince feared the noiſe would attract the attention of the ſentinels who were everywhere about.

However, the ſage gentleman clung to his ſtolen property, reſiſting every attempt of the rightful owner to gain poſſeſſion of the blanket.

Fancy the ſurpriſe of the two men when they returned, and ſaw their Prince ſide by ſide with ſuch a companion! The poor animal had probably entered the cave for ſhelter, and was nearly dead from hunger; but after having had the honour of partaking of food with the Prince, in due time it received a hint to leave, being driven forcibly from the cave. The Prince uſed to enjoy this joke, and in mentioning it always imitated the animal's queer geſtures. He ſuppoſed it had eſcaped from ſome private reſidence in the neighbourhood, as monkeys were ſo ſeldom ſeen in thoſe parts; and during their three days' hiding they never ſaw any more

A pair.

Feaſt.

of their ſavage friend. "Perhaps," added Malcolm, "the fare was not good enough for the gentleman, being only dry cheeſe and oatmeal, with nothing but water from a ſpring hard by. Poor Charlie! how he would have done juſtice to a dinner like this, my Lady Primroſe!"

"Ay! and I wiſh his Royal Highneſs was here to partake of it; indeed, how happy I ſhould be to know where he is at this moment. But I will not deſpair of ſeeing him ſome day, when Charlie ſhall come 'to tak' his ain again.'" This line her Ladyſhip was ſo fond of repeating, from a ſong of the day! And, dear Maggie, I have good reaſons for believing that Lady Primroſe did not only ſee Prince Charles, but received him into her houſe for a few days, when he was in London many years after under a diſguiſed name. The reaſon was obvious, although no other attempt has ever been made of his "takin' his ain again."

And now all was ſettled for our journey two days after. Her Ladyſhip managed everything—hired a conveyance—helped me and Katie with our packing, not forgetting to ſlip in the boxes ſundry uſeful articles as remembrances—and inſiſting on being at all the expenſe of the journey. As for my kind-hearted companion, he was vaſtly amuſed when told he was to take charge of me.

"Why, Miſs Flora!" ſaid Malcolm, "here am I, who came up to London to be hanged, going back to Scotland in grand ſtyle, and with you in a braw poſt-chaiſe!"

He congratulated me on my little fortune, but its poſſeſſion did not make me feel comfortable; the fact of a ſubſcription rather annoyed me, and poſſibly would be diſpleaſing to my Highland relations. However, to have refuſed the money would have juſtly offended my excellent patroneſs; ſo the long purſe was carefully enſconced at the bottom of the travelling-trunk.

Pride.

Nor muſt I forget to mention a lovely gift Lady Primroſe made me, by placing on my finger ſuch an elegant ring which, ſhe ſaid, I was never to wear without remembering her.

The ring.

I think, Maggie, you have ſeen it. However, for my other friends who may read theſe jottings of a deſultory pen, I will deſcribe it. In a baſket of the fineſt gold filigree was contained a tiny bunch of wee roſes compoſed of diamonds and leaves of green enamel and emeralds; the part round the finger was a band of white enamel, with an inſcription in ſmall gilded letters, in Latin, the meaning of which was, "Flora, Preſerver of the White Roſe!" Oh, ſo pretty! I had many more articles of jewellery given me by various ladies, who were ſo kind as to ſay they never could do enough for me; but this beautiful ring I preferred to all the other preſents, and I knew it would pleaſe every one at home, the device being ſo gracefully complimentary.

Well, after nearly finiſhing our travelling arrangements, tired enough I was, for Lady Primroſe inſiſted on taking me to call on ſuch a number of people who were anxious to bid good-bye to Flora M'Donald; ſo I felt quite overwhelmed when, the chaiſe at the door, Malcolm in readineſs as the eſcort, and honeſt Katie waiting for me to ſtep in after having arranged the parcels to her liking, I threw my arms around the dear miſtreſs of the houſe, who had ſo befriended me. We were both in tears. In another moment the ſteps of the chaiſe were puſhed back, the door banged to, the poſtboy cracked his whip, and off we were!

Parting.

I cannot deſcribe my ſenſations, mingled as they were with joy at going home, and regret at leaving ſome dear friends, whom it was not likely I ſhould again meet.

I promiſed to write occaſionally to Lady Primroſe, and did ſo, until her death a few years ſince.

While we journeyed on, Malcolm told me of much that had paſſed in the Highlands during the laſt few months relative to the Prince's movements, he having conducted his Royal Highneſs from Raaſay to many other places,—to the M'Donalds of Morar, the M'Donalds of Borrodale and Glenaladale, and the M'Kinnons of Corry. John M'Kinnon was Malcolm's brother-in-law, and he took a warm intereſt in the royal fugitive, and during ſome of their wanderings the Prince was diſguiſed as his ſervant, paſſing by the name of Lewis Caw, the ſuppoſed ſon of a ſurgeon in Crieff.

Diſguiſe.

Malcolm related an amuſing tale of the Prince while going about as his ſervant. In the courſe of their wanderings, they had fallen into a bog, ſo, on reaching the houſe of John M'Kinnon at Ellagol, the Captain told the girl in Gaelic to bring hot water and waſh his feet. While ſhe was doing this, he ſaid, pointing to the poor, deſpiſed, ill-looking Lewis

Caw, "You ſee that poor fellow yonder? How ſick he is! It will be a charity to clean his feet. Indeed, he more needs attending to than I do."

"What!" ſaid ſhe, "aſk me to do ſuch a ſervice? No; if I waſh the feet of your father's ſon, they are the maſter's; but to touch the toes of his mother's ſon—a low peaſant! very fine truly! No; I canna do it!"

Servant-galiſm.

Malcolm, however, at laſt perſuaded the offended damſel to lower her dignity; but, in the act of waſhing poor Charles's legs and feet, ſhe was ſo croſs at being obliged to do it, ſo very rough in her handling, he begged M'Leod to deſire her not to rub ſo hard. He ſpoke low, leſt ſhe ſhould hear he had no Gaelic.

"And truly a ſtrange figure he was," ſaid Malcolm; "his wig taken off, an old clout of a handkerchief on his head, with a cotton nightcap drawn over it, and leather thongs inſtead of buckles to his old brogues; ſuch a

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guy! his own mother wouldn't have found him out!"

Old Corry had accompanied them, and would have gone farther, but the Prince declined his ſervices in conſequence of his age; ſo John M'Kinnon of Ellagol continued his guide until his Highneſs was left in Borrodale's charge; and M'Kinnon, on returning homewards, had nearly reached his houſe when he

Traps.

was taken by a party of militia, ſent up to London, where, after ſome months' impriſonment, he was allowed to go back to Scotland. "In truth, Miſs Flora," ſaid Malcolm, "we are all lucky to eſcape ſo well; but I ſuppoſe that wretched Duke of C—— has hanged ſo many, he is tired of ſuch fun. Theſe miſfortunes have deeply affected our unhappy Prince. I often heard him murmuring in his broken ſleep, ſpeaking incoherently in Italian, French, and Engliſh. Once he ſaid diſtinctly, 'O God! poor Scotland!' It ſair grieved me, for it ſhowed how bitter his thoughts were."

Captain M'Leod alſo told me of a curious fact connected with his Royal Highneſs's hairbreadth eſcape—a ſingular circumſtance.

When hard preſſed in the direction of Glenmorriſton, he was indebted to a band of ſeven Highlanders for protection during ſeveral days. Theſe men, having fought for their Prince, could be truſted. They were ſelf-outlawed, to ſave their lives from a cruel Government, ſupporting themſelves as beſt they could; and bad enough as that was, the ſituation of their unfortunate Prince was a great deal worſe, he having been obliged to take ſhelter from the muſket-ſhots of the ſoldiery, who were ſcouring the country to deſtroy the poor creatures who had fled in terror to hide themſelves amongſt the hills. The Prince had never been in greater danger, ſo the party of faithful M'Donalds then conducting him hurriedly concealed him in a ſmall hole amongſt the buſhes. Alas! how miſerable muſt have been this place! ſo narrow and ſhort, that he

Friends.

could not lie at full length, and expoſed to hunger, fatigue, and rain in torrents.

In this diſtreſs the party reſolved to have recourſe to "the ſeven men of Glenmorriſton," as they were called, knowing they were to be found ſomewhere in that neighbourhood.

Their names were Gregor, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh, of the Chiſholm clan, John and Alexander M'Donald, and Patrick Grant. At firſt, the rank of the Prince was concealed from them, but on going to the place of meeting, they recogniſed him, ſo the three preſent took an oath of fidelity to their royal maſter. The others, who were at a diſtance foraging for plunder, returned the next day, and they alſo ſwore to be faithful; indeed, ſo truly did they keep their pledge, that not until they heard, long after, of the Prince's ſafe arrival in France, did they acknowledge having aſſiſted him.

Oaths.

With theſe rough yet good-hearted men he was kept for three weeks, well fed, and at

night made as comfortable as a bed of freſh heather admitted of, and one of them was often ſent to Fort Auguſtus for information reſpecting the Prince's chance of getting away to France. "And what do you think," ſaid Malcolm, "of a noble gift to the Prince from one of the band, on returning from Fort Auguſtus? You 'll never gueſs, Miſs Flora, ſo I 'll juſt tell you. It was a pennyworth of gingerbread! which the poor fellow thought would be conſidered a dainty bit for his Royal Highneſs. A gift.

We both enjoyed this joke, which I only mention as a proof of the man's kind feeling. They accompanied the Prince and his companions as far as Loch Arkaig, and then, after a friendly farewell, returned to their wild courſe of life.

And now, Maggie, I will tell you a curious ſtory I heard many years ago about one of theſe men, Hugh Chiſholm, who, when in Edinburgh, was viſited by ſeveral perſons from

whom he received ſums of money, but in ſhaking hands he always gave his left, ſaying, that "as his right hand had been ſhaken by the Prince at parting, from that moment he reſolved never to give his right hand to any man until he ſaw Charles Stuart again." A ſtrange fancy was it not? I wonder whether he was more courteous to ladies!

Reward.

I alſo heard that when the Prince got ſafely acroſs the water, he ſent theſe men twenty-four guineas, as a recompenſe for their rude hoſpitality at a time when he was ſorely in need of help.

It was about this period that poor young Roderick M'Kenzie met his death. He had ſerved in the Prince's regiment of life-guards, and being tall and elegant-looking, alſo ſomewhat reſembling him in countenance, he might well have been miſtaken for his Royal Highneſs. While ſkulking in the Braes of Glenmorriſton he encountered a body of Hanoverian ſoldiers, and attempted to eſcape,

but they ſurrounded him; ſo knowing his life muſt be forfeited, and recollecting his likeneſs to the Prince, he exclaimed, in a tone of authority, "Villains! you have ſlain your Prince." A loyal lie.

The ſoldiers, delighted at having ſecured their prize, cut off the head of the unfortunate young man, took it to Inverneſs, and there are people who ſay that the brutal Duke of C—— had it packed in a baſket, and journeyed with the ghaſtly treaſure to London. However, on its being ſhown to one Moriſon, a former valet of the Prince, who nearly fainted at the horrid ſight, he ſwore poſitively it was not the head of his royal maſter. Poor M'Kenzie! his fate was hard, and let us hope he was pardoned for dying with an untruth on his lips.

But to continue our journey.

On reaching York, we went by invitation to the houſe of Dr Burton. This gentleman had juſt been liberated from a long confine-

ment in jail for the part he took in ſerving the Prince.

We were not there many days, for I was ſo impatient to get home to my dear mother, and feel ſecured in our quiet retreat from future danger. The troubles I had undergone were beginning to affect my health, but all was forgotten, and my heart cheered, when the firſt peep of the blue hills reached my eager ſight. The "Highland roſe" was not ſo bright as formerly, yet it would now ſoon regain its hue and vigour.

Home. But let me paſs over the happy meeting with my mother and kind ſtep-father, who could now praiſe me for what I had done, which commendation added to the pride I felt in exhibiting all the preſents given to me from ſo many grand people,—"to be kept," ſaid Armadale, "as heir-looms in the family." And ſo they are, dear Maggie, as you ſo well know, having ſeen ſo many of the pretty articles which ornament our beſt room; and I have alſo

ſome trinkets of value, that I wear on grand occaſions.

When I came to the bottom of the box, and in a heſitating way placed the purſe in my ſtep-father's hand, telling him its hiſtory, he remarked, "The money being given you in kindneſs, it muſt be accepted as ſuch; yet I would rather it had not been offered." The purſe.

I aſſured him, that was alſo my feeling, but dear Lady Primroſe would not hear of a refuſal, which alone induced me to take it.

Malcolm M'Leod was preſent when this was ſaid, and came to my reſcue.

"Indeed, Miſs Flora, ye could not do leſs than accept the bounty, for otherwiſe the good leddy would have gone right demented. Ye weel deſerved the filler, and more than as much again."

The kind-hearted Malcolm ſaid this on parting, ſhaking me warmly by the hand as

he left us, after a few days' ſtay at Armadale, to return to Raaſay.

So, when I was comfortably ſettled at home, again taking to my quiet occupations, after ſeeing thoſe of my friends in the neighbourhood who were curious to learn all the adventures which had befallen "The Prince's Preſerver;" the joy of meeting dear Angus, who came over from Miltoun to welcome back his "rebel" ſiſter, as he jokingly termed me; the pleaſure of renewing our country walks, rides, and unchaining the wee boatie for a ſail on the friendly lake; my little pony neighing and rubbing its rough head on my ſhoulder, while honeſt Sidger, jealous of any attention to another favourite, barked and gambolled around his happy miſtreſs to his heart's content;—all this brought me my former peace of mind. I will now confeſs why I had named him Sidger: it reminded me of one then far away, a *ſoldier* with his regiment, for that is the meaning of the Gaelic word.

Old faces.

Every day I gleaned ſome news of the changes which had occurred during the many months I had been abſent, and amongſt them none pained me more than hearing of the unhappineſs of our dear friends at Rowan's Dyke, the M'Dougals, who were made ſo miſerable by the loſs of their ſon, my former tormenting admirer, poor half-mad Jamie.

It ſeems that after ſerving as mate of a merchant ſhip, the veſſel was wrecked off the coaſt of Guinea, and all the crew ſuppoſed to have periſhed, for none were ever heard of, except our poor lad, who was waſhed aſhore, nearly dead from exhauſtion and hunger. He had been for two days on a ſmall rock in the ocean, expoſed to the rays of a burning ſun, which at laſt was ſo overpowering, he muſt have loſt all conſciouſneſs, and been daſhed by the waves off the rock, more dead than alive. In this wretched ſtate he was found by a moſt excellent man, who took him to his houſe. He was a Romiſh prieſt, who

Caſtaway.

Oafis.

had lived for years in that deſolate ſpot with a favourite nephew, whoſe recent death had nearly broken the old man's heart. He was ſo loved and reſpected by the few inhabitants of that quite remote part of the world, they ſought his advice in all their little affairs, and many a poor ſoul was he the means of comforting in their earthly diſtreſſes, and pointing them to the path of everlaſting peace and joy. Although a foreigner, yet he had a ſlight knowledge of Engliſh, by which means he made out poor Jamie's hiſtory as ſoon as his weakened ſtrength enabled him to ſpeak, but it was many days before he gave a ſign of recollection. The poor people were ſo kind in their humble way, and the good father watched him with the anxiety of a parent.

"Dear boy," ſaid the worthy man, "God has taken my laſt ſupport, the prop of my old age; therefore, ſhould it be His bleſſed will to reſtore you, ſtay with me, be in his place, the comfort and ſolace of my old

age. I will leave you all I poſſeſs, and when ſummoned to a brighter world, you can return to your native land. It will not be for long; I feel the aged tree is bending beneath the blaſt it has lately endured."

But it was not ſo to be. The poor lad rallied for a few days, and then gradually ſank; the ſhock had been too much for a frame previouſly weakened by the heavy drudgery of a ſeafaring life. And when all was over, the good prieſt mourned his loſs, and buried him by the rites of the Romiſh Church, in the ſame grave with his nephew.

Poor Jamie!

All theſe particulars were ſent to the family at Rowan's Dyke as ſoon as the old man had the opportunity of meeting with a perſon who could write a clear letter in Engliſh, which was not for ſome months, and he alſo managed to ſend home the remains of poor Jamie's ſilver watch. I ſay the remains, for with the knocking about on the rocks,

it was broken in pieces, the works and caſe ſmaſhed almoſt flat. However, ſuch as it was, the unhappy parents have treaſured it as a melancholy remembrance of their hapleſs boy. The old laird was almoſt beſide himſelf with grief, nor leſs bitter were the mother's feelings, although in a great meaſure conſoled by the information that Jamie had expreſſed on his death-bed ſincere contrition for having cauſed his parents to much ſorrow, and had he lived, he would have returned to them a changed character. Alas! poor fellow! there certainly had been room for improvement.

Repents.

My early friend Jeſſie M'Dougal was well married during my abſence, but as her home is in a diſtant iſland, it is not likely we ſhall often meet. She has no family. It is now many years ſince the old man died; he never recovered the loſs of his idoliſed ſon; and Mrs M'Dougal lived to a great age, reſpected and loved by all in the neigh-

bourhood, by none more ſo than myſelf, although there was ſuch a difference in age. Rowan's Dyke is ſtill ſtanding, but poſſeſſed by other parties.

How true is the remark of ſome author, that in this world, if we ſeek for more happineſs than can be afforded by a feeling of calm contentment, we muſt expect to reap diſappointment! In my heart's core there was a ſpot filled with anxiety, nor was it removed for many weeks after returning home, until the joyful news, which had been long in coming, reached our diſtant part of the world, that the dear Prince was ſafely landed on the coaſt of Bretagne, and was to proceed from Morlaix to Paris. France.

I think I have before mentioned that Niel M'Eachan had accompanied his royal maſter, and a letter came from that worthy man, giving moſt intereſting particulars of their hairbreadth eſcape from danger, the veſſel having been chaſed by two Britiſh ſhips of

war. Alas! poor Prince! he had to encounter peril even at the laſt moment of leaving his dear Scotland.

Niel ſaid the Prince deſpatched two letters from Morlaix, one to his father, King James, and a ſecond to his brother, Prince Henry.

Baniſhed.

Later, we heard of Prince Charles being well received at the French Court; but after a while, it ſeems, he gave offence to King Louis, and was ordered to quit Paris. Then he went to Avignon, from which town M'Eachan's laſt letter for ſome years was dated. No doubt, he wrote ſometimes, but at that period it was difficult to get letters from foreign parts, and a news-gazette was an event to the family who received it, obliging them to make it a circulating epiſtle for weeks afterwards. In theſe days, matters have altered for the better, for although, like angels' viſits, "few and far between," yet we are occaſionally gratified in our quiet nook with the ſight of a news-ſheet.

Knowing of the Prince's ſafety relieved my mind; my ſervices and troubles in his cauſe had not been in vain: this certainly was a ſatiſfaction which drew out one thorn from its concealed receſs in my heart.

And now, dear Maggie, as I write this narrative to intereſt you, I will relate a circumſtance that occurred in our family about this time, cauſing ſome talk amongſt the neighbours. It will amuſe you, Maggie, and I cannot help ſmiling while writing it down.

A beauty.

My half-ſiſter Annabella had grown from a fine girl into a handſome young woman, and was generally admired by thoſe who had an opportunity of ſearching out ſuch a violet in the ſhade.

One day a gentleman, who was ſaid to be ſtaying in the village, occupying the only ſtranger's room the little inn afforded, came to Armadale Houſe, ſent in his name-card, requeſting to be favoured by ſeeing "The Prince's Preſerver." Now this I knew full

Smitten.

well was but the pretext for a call, as we had noticed him the Sabbath before, making uſe of his eyes in Annabella's direction, which had rather diſconcerted the poor girl; therefore, on his now preſenting himſelf at our houſe, my mother and I—for my father and Angus were out—received him very coldly.

However he talked away, telling us about himſelf; that he was Engliſh, a baronet's ſon, unmarried, very fond of ſcientific purſuits, in fact it was a geologiſing expedition which had brought him to the Highlands, and that hearing of Miſs Flora M'Donald's fame, he was deſirous not only to ſee that celebrated young lady, but alſo to make her acquaintance, and that of her amiable family.

While he rambled on in this flattering ſtrain, I had time to recollect having heard the name on his card during my long ſtay in London. It was a good name, but I refrain from mentioning it, he having returned to his eſtate, I ſuppoſe, and the object of his

affections, my dear ſiſter, being now married and comfortably ſettled at Cuidrach, ſurrounded by a group of pretty young things. So I will call him Mr Smith, as being leſs likely to be traced, that name being, I am told, the moſt numerous in England. Well, now to deſcribe him. He was very plain, I thought ugly, and by no means gentlemanly in appearance; nearly forty, with dark hair and whiſkers, ſhort, and rather ſtout. Looks.

Such was Annabella's admirer, for ſo he proved to be after a few weeks' acquaintance; and whether walking, riding, or boating, join us he would, ſo we were forced to ſubmit. Once in the houſe, he was ſcarcely ever away from it. I never ſaw a man more in love, but to no avail, for my ſiſter hated him. At laſt our father was obliged to tell him to diſcontinue attentions which were really annoying. Beſides, he was too fond of his glaſs, for in addition to uſing a ſmall hammer for knocking about all the rocks and hills in the country

in ſearch of wondrous ſpecimens, he alſo, report ſaid, was given to ſtrike off the heads of ſundry bottles of brandy, which well accounted for his face being ſo coarſe and red. He gave one the idea of being, if not abſolutely tipſy, rarely quite ſober. Horrid man! a fine beau for my darling, ſweet-mannered ſiſter.

Hated.

As for Angus, he could not tolerate a perſon who, although a gentleman, did not conduct himſelf as one. And rich too, he was; I cannot tell the liberal ſettlements my ſiſter would have had.

But now comes the comic part of the ſtory, which you will like to hear, Maggie; for I know you are a merry girl, who enjoys a little fun.

Well, this Mr Smith could not tear himſelf from the village, although a hopeleſs lover; and at laſt became ſo troubleſome, that my father forbade his coming to Armadale, ſo we ſaw nothing of him for perhaps a month, when

one night, juſt after ſupper, we were preparing for our uſual Scripture-reading, when a loud knocking at the outer ſhutters and front door alarmed us; we thought a thief was trying to enter. My ſtep-father and Angus ruſhed to the entrance, when who ſhould have cauſed the diſturbance, but our worry and torment, old Smith, and ſo intoxicated, that the gentlemen called to us to run up the ſtair out of his way! However, we heard his vulgar voice, as all in the houſe muſt have done, bawling out how he loved his own dear Annabella, and would not be denied an entrance by all the lawyers or conſtables of the land; a ſingle lock of his loved one's hair he would have—ay! that very night too; and to obtain it he would fight his way even by fire and faggot!

Drunk.

The man did not know what he was ſaying, nor could he be pacified. Armadale tried to coax him away, but all attempts were vain. As for my brother, he was ſo irritated, we

thought the men would have come to blows; for although out of the way, yet from the upper-landing we ſaw all that paſſed. Suddenly, to our aſtoniſhment, Angus burſt out laughing: a ſtrange thought came into his head. "Stay; father let him alone: he ſhall have a lock of hair; for the drunken fellow will not go away without it." So ſaying, he mounted the ſtair, laughing immoderately.

"O Angus! what have you ſaid? how could you make ſuch a promiſe? he ſhall not have it!"

I ſaid this rather angrily, feeling annoyed.

The pony.

"Tut! tut! you ſilly girl! It 's only ſome of the pony's mane he ſhall have. Why the man is ſo drunk, he 'll not know the difference; ſo quick, give me the ſciſſors, and find a piece of bright ribbon to tie it up! Our Annabella's hair muſt be preſented in due form and with becoming reſpect. Do make haſte, it will be rare fun!" He ruſhed off, and, I am ſure, was not away five minutes, came

up-ſtairs, met us with a lovely bit of ſky-blue ribbon, to tie up the precious lock of my pony's ſhock head in moſt approved faſhion.

We eagerly waited the concluſion of the pantomime, all our alarm having changed to merriment, which was ſhared by my father alſo on knowing the cauſe.

Mr Smith was ſtill violent, but when Angus went towards him with the neat little packet, ſaying, as he held it firmly in his hand, "There, Sir, is the prize you wiſh for. With much difficulty I have ſucceeded in obtaining it: even a kick from the young lady I have had to encounter; for believe me, the owner of that hair is at times a troubleſome, high-mettled, ſpirited fair one. Treaſure the gift, and I hope you will duly value it, and eſtimate the compliment paid you, for never before has any gentleman received a love-lock from your adored one's head—on my honour, this is the firſt ever taken from it."

Treasure.

All this time the man was ſtaring and

Satyr.

blinking his ſtupid eyes, ſeemingly not to comprehend my brother's meaning, until a ſnatch at the paper revealed the coveted hair, and then his geſtures and antics would have ſuited the rare exhibition I ſaw in London of a clown's performance; for he ſkipped with delight, kiſſed it, and placing it near his heart, vowed that Angus was a right good jolly boy, whom he ſhould love as a brother; never, no never more, ſhould he and his dear Annabella be parted.

Oh! it was ſo droll to ſee the punchy little man thus playing the fool! And as for my ſiſter, who was peeping over the baniſters, I thought ſhe would have expired with laughter. However, at laſt my father got tired of the man's buffoonery, particularly as all the ſervants were in hearing, ſo out of the houſe Mr Smith was marched in charge of the lads.

Now comes the beſt part of this abſurd hiſtory; for, in the morning, my ſtep-father

received the moſt inſolent, violent letter, to the effect, "that the insult offered to him, a gentleman, and member of a family who could trace their anceſtry from—oh, dear! I forget the man's folly—William the Conqueror, I think centuries back, demanded the penalty of blood to waſh out ſuch a foul ſtain on his eſcutcheon; that he ſhould feel degraded by remaining in the neighbourhood of thoſe who were in no way his equals; ſo that, however much he ſhould ever adore 'The Flower of Armadale,' yet his honour was even dearer to him than love. He ſhould go direct to his native country in the Weſt of England," naming the town, "where he would be ready to fight either or both of the Armadale gentlemen, with piſtol or sword."

Bounce.

Of this elegant epiſtle, which in joke I ſaid ought to have been framed in glaſs, of courſe no notice was taken, except that of amuſing us moſt exceſſively. We never ſaw or heard of Mr Smith from that day to this;

but we often laugh over Annabella's love adventure, which at the time afforded ſo much merriment to our large circle of relations, and John Kingſburgh, Allan's brother, ever regretted not having witneſſed the fun.

Weed. But it was not long after this affair that I had to meditate deeply on a ſubject which, involving, as it did, ſo completely my life's happineſs, the recollection is fraught with intereſt on the page of memory even at this diſtant date.

Our intimacy with the Kingſburgh family, and my friendſhip with dear Anne, then happily ſettled at Strathaird, who often had me to ſtay with her and delight myſelf with her little ones, was the means of my being more than ever in the ſociety of her favourite brother; therefore, no ſurpriſe was expreſſed—nay, on the contrary, the warmeſt ſatiſfaction—when the fact of my engagement with Allan M'Donald became generally

known; and joy it was to me, now that every feeling of reſtraint, ſo natural to be exiſting in the heart of a woman while uncertain if her regard is mutual, had paſſed away, to give place to the fulleſt confidence in converſation, to be aſſured that our affection had been reciprocated for a long time, although he deemed it beſt to be ſilent until he had a comfortable home to offer me. I now felt his ſilence on the ſubject was prudent on his part, and honourable towards myſelf. Engaged.

His kind father, knowing his wiſhes, gave him poſſeſſion of a ſmall property ſituated on the eaſt ſide of Trotterniſh, on Lord M'Donald's eſtate. It was called Flodigary, a place I had often ſeen, yet little thought it would ever be my reſidence.

However, the marriage was delayed until the houſe was thoroughly in order, there was ſo much to do in the way of furniſhing and other expenſes, towards which I con-

tributed the greater part of my Jacobite fortune.

Half-pay. Allan had attained the rank of Captain in the 84th Regiment, and preferring a quiet Highland life to the buſtle of a military one, he retired on half-pay. As for myſelf, my reminiſcences of England were not ſo agreeable as to cauſe a wiſh to return to it. No; on this ſubject we both felt alike, being contented to remain in the circle of attached relations and friends who had known us both when we both were wee little bodies.

My narrative now arrives to the end of 1750, when, on the 6th of November, I became a happy bride.

The wedding was numerouſly attended, every one looked bright and cheerful,—my loved mother and warm-hearted ſtep-father doing the honours of the well-ſpread table with true Highland hoſpitality. My happineſs was alſo increaſed by the affection evinced for me by every member of my huſband's family.
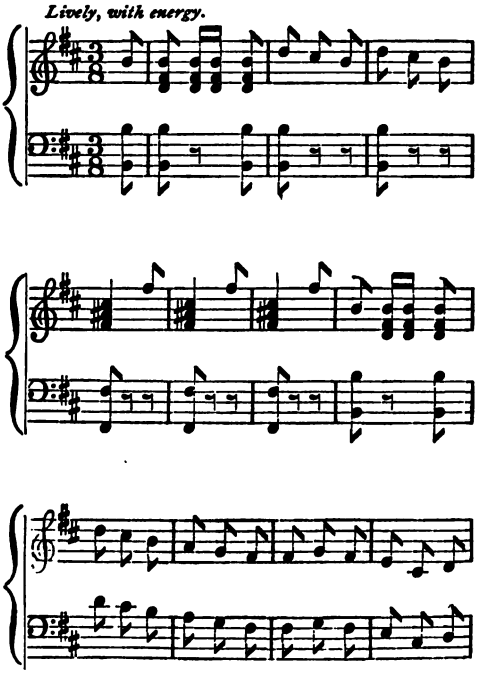
I was ſo warmly welcomed into their circle, it cheers my heart even now to think of that brighteſt of all days within my recollection.
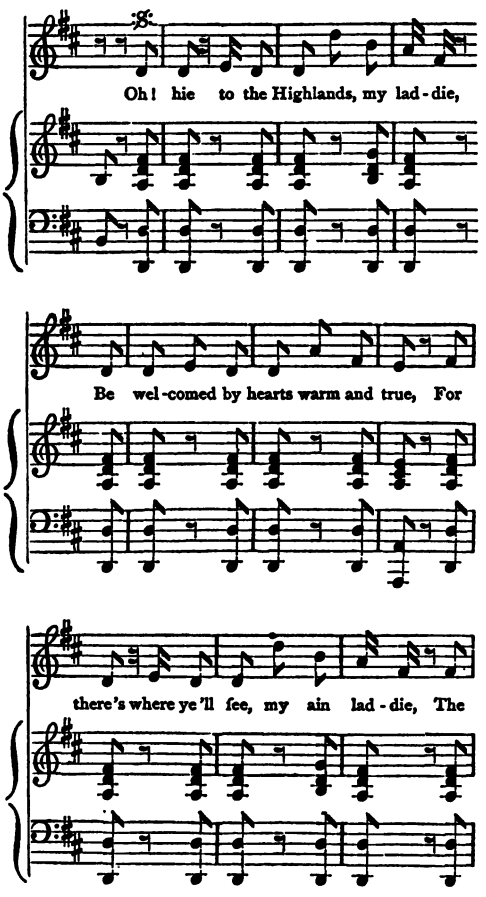
The muſic which I copy into this little ſtory of my ſayings and doings will perhaps ſurpriſe you, Maggie; but I will tell you all about it. It is a ditty I wrote myſelf years ago, at the time I was ſo intereſted in Prince Charles, and the tune alſo came into my head; but I never made it public until, on the day of my marriage, a requeſt came in the name of all the gueſts, that I would ſing it, ſo I was obliged to do ſo. Some years after, an Engliſh lady heard of it, and aſked my leave to write down the tune as I warbled it in my ſimple way, by which means the air has been preſerved, for I was not clever enough to write down muſical notes of any kind. The ſong.

So now I have given the hiſtory of my little ſong, to which I ſhould not have alluded had I not been writing about my wedding. I hear, and certainly with ſurpriſe, that the
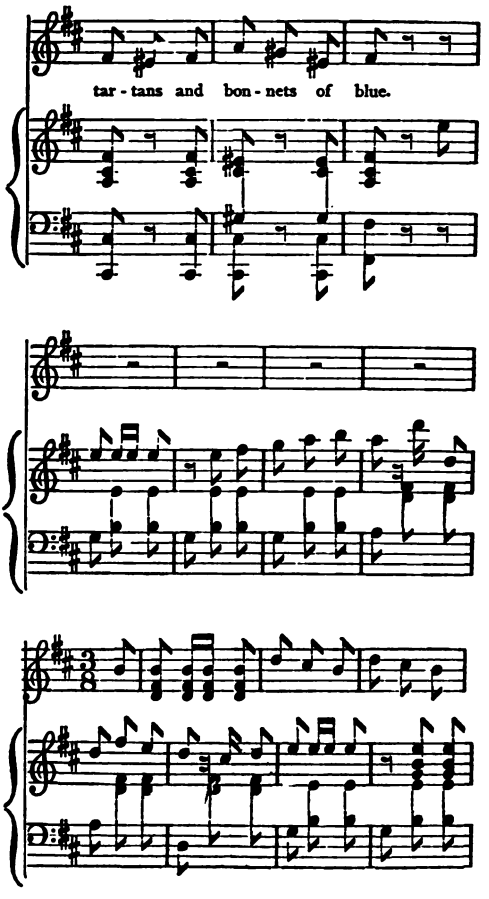
lady introduced it into England, where it has attained a kind of popularity, as being the humble production of "The Prince's Preserver."
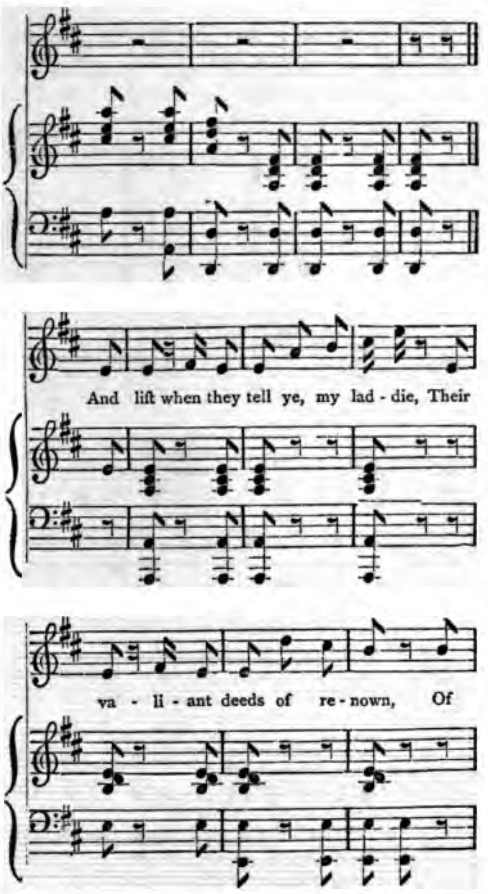
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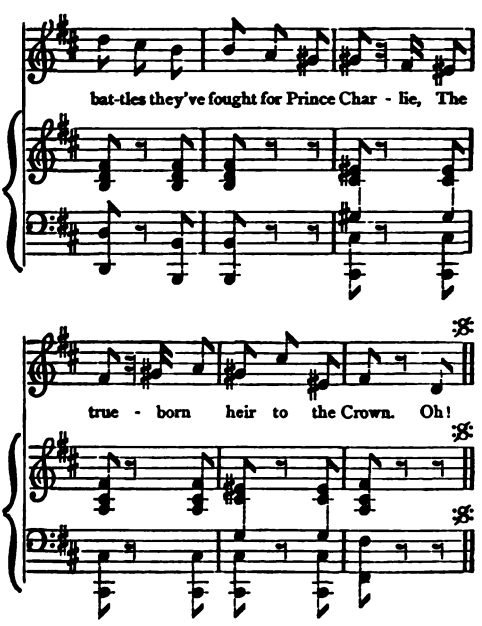



Oh! hie to the Highlands, my lad-die,
Be wel-comed by hearts warm and true, For
there's where ye'll fee, my ain lad-die, The

Chorus.


tar - tans and bon - nets of blue.


And lift when they tell ye, my lad - die, Their
va - li - ant deeds of re - nown, Of

1st verse.



II.

Ye'll hear of the chieftains of old,
Thofe fons of valour and worth;
But Charlie's own favourite clan was
M'Donald! the pride of the North!
Oh! hie to the Highlands, &c.

III.

Ye'll meet with the laffies fae bonnie,
I fear ye will love them too well;
But heed not their fmiles, my ain laddie—
Your love I'll keep all to myfel.
Oh! hie to the Highlands, &c.

After our marriage, we were a great deal at Kingſburgh; indeed, my father and mother-in-law were always kind to me, and even at this diſtance of time, I cannot charge my memory with a word of diſcord having paſſed between us. The proverb in our country of "happy the wife that 's married to a mother-leſs ſon," was not a matter of experience on my part. I have a vivid recollection of dear old Mrs M'Donald's bright ſmile of welcome, when, in after-years, and ſurrounded by a group of darling children, I found time to go over to Kingſburgh. Allan was equally pleaſed to have his parents at Flodigary; ſo, thus contented and happy in ourſelves, my wedded life glided on as peacefully as the unruffled lake for many years, no particular event occurring worthy of notice. Harmony.

Our domeſtic circle was added to by the marriages of my brother and John Kingſburgh, —the former to an amiable girl, a M'Donald, diſtantly related to us, and the latter choſe his

wife while viſiting a family in South Uiſt. They both had children, who often were with mine at Flodigary. Oh! the noiſe of their merry voices I have now in my head; to which was combined the ſcreaming of worthy Katie, who was never ſo much in her element as when nurſing the bairns of her beloved "Miſs Flora." She never called me otherwiſe, honeſt creature! and go wherever I might, ſhe would accompany me. On ſuch occaſions the wee bodies were completely a ſecondary conſideration to her.

Katie.

I remember Katie was my companion on an occaſion which is deeply impreſſed on my memory; indeed, the recollection of what I am about to relate cauſes me a ſhudder of horror. Yes, it was a dreadful ſcene!

We had ſome friends in a dreary part of the Highlands, who ſcarcely ever left home, but were accuſtomed to enliven the ſolitude of a habitation in a village that could only boaſt of a few ſcattered huts for the poor

fiſhers and their half-ſtarved families, by inviting friends to ſtay for months at a time. Moſt hoſpitable they were, yet they were more pleaſed to welcome gueſts than were the viſitors to remain long in ſuch a dull houſe. I went there once when a girl, and determined not to repeat the viſit; but my parents went frequently, being on moſt intimate terms; and once a letter from Mr Douglas being received by my mother, ſaying he hoped ſhe would immediately come to his wife, who was far from well, and wanted her ſociety, my mother entreated me to go in her place, for ſhe could not then leave Armadale conveniently, and as ſhe agreed to look after the bairns and other matters, Katie and I ſtarted on this duty viſit. Dull.

When arrived and domeſticated with theſe kind people, it was a difficult concern to get away. However, when Mrs Douglas was ſufficiently recovered to afford a loophole of eſcape, I did contrive to gain a reluctant con-

ſent to our departure; and it was on our homeward journey an adventure occurred that I ſhall never forget—I wiſh I could.

The diſtance between Burnſhiel and Armadale obliged me to ſleep on the road, ſo I ſtopped for the night at a miſerable low kind of inn, if ſuch a hovel was worthy of being ſo called. I had arranged that Katie ſhould continue her journey with the boy driving the little Highland cart and luggage, and I was to follow the next day on horſeback with a guide, for I felt too tired to go on without reſt. As for the honeſt girl, it was the ſame to her whether ſhe jogged on by night or by day; ſo, after partaking of food, which ſhe and the lad ſeemed to reliſh, off they went, leaving me in the only decent bedroom in the houſe. This room was over the kitchen, which I ſoon found out from the puffs of ſmoke down the chimney, as well as the voices of men below.

An inn.

I did not ſee a woman about, and believe

two men only were in attendance, for one of them ſhowed me into the room, and brought my ſupper.

It was a gloomy place to be alone in, for the high road was at ſome diſtance from the heath on which the inn ſtood. The night, although dry, was chilly, and guſts of wind ſhook the old window-frames, one of which I kept open to let out the ſmoke.

Not feeling ſleepy, or inclined to try the untempting-looking bed, I thought it a good opportunity to write a letter to our kind friend and relation, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Delvin; ſo taking writing materials from a ſmall box I uſually carried in my hand, and ſeated in a corner as far as poſſible from door or window, I got on as well as the light of a tallow-candle would allow of. The box.

All this time the men were talking earneſtly, in Gaelic, of courſe, when it ſeemed to me as if there was a kind of diſpute, for one of them ſpoke in a higher

The plot.

tone, and a word or two I overheard rather alarmed me; ſo I ſoftly opened the door, and went to the ſtair-head. They talked in a ſort of whiſper, but fright opened my ears to hear clearly enough that theſe villains were only waiting until they thought I was aſleep, to enter the room and get poſſeſſion of the letter-box, which they expected contained money or valuables.

"And if," ſaid one of the ruffians, "ſhe is likely to be troubleſome, we know how to ſilence her—the ſame as the laſt. Ah! that was like to be a bad job, waſn't it?"

Oh! how can my horror be deſcribed? Thank God I did not ſcream, or make the leaſt ſound; my feet ſeemed rooted to the ground, and yet the neceſſity for immediate flight flaſhed on my mind. In a ſecond a plan of eſcape was formed. I ſoftly cloſed the door, and in ſtooping to draw off my noiſy boots, oh, horror! what did I ſee? A ſtream of blood ſlowly oozing from under the bed,

which made me raiſe the valance—*a dead body!*—a man apparently recently murdered!

A faint ſickneſs came over me; I feared becoming inſenſible; but offering up a few words of fervent prayer for help from that bleſſed ſource of ſtrength in every danger, I haſtily tore off the ſheets and blanket, knotted them firmly together, and tied one end to the bed-poſt, as ſecurely as my poor trembling hands could do it. The other end I paſſed over the ſill of the window, which, thank God, was open; caught up my writing-box and ſmall linen bundle, gently mounted the window-ſill, and ſeizing hold of the ſheets, which I prayed God might ſupport my weight, ſlid down to the ground. Fortunately I landed on ſoft heather, ſo not a ſound was heard. I had taken the precaution of blowing out the candle, that the vile men might have more trouble, on entering the room in the dark, to feel about for their intended victim, who truſted to be a mile or two

The rope.

on her road before her departure was diſcovered!

The cold and freſh air revived me; fright was as wings to my feet; for although long after midnight, and too dark to ſee a ſtep before me, I paced on, nearly running, and frequently ſtumbling over thoſe pieces of ſtone which are generally on moſſy ground. It was a great exertion for a female no longer young, beſides being ſo nervous; one might have heard the beatings of my poor heart.

A couch. At laſt I came upon a ſtone-dyke, which, on climbing over, I found was a boundary-wall from the high road. This was ſome comfort, and alſo afforded me a reſt; ſo drawing my warm cloth cloak cloſer around me, and half reclining on the ſmall bundle, I actually fell aſleep! really aſleep, Maggie. Here I muſt have reſted for ſome hours, for on being awoke by the ruſhing ſound of a neighbouring burn, the dawn was breaking ſufficiently for me to find my way on,—but whether on the

road to my home, was a myſtery time only would ſolve.

The clear water waſhing the ſparkling pebbles was tempting to the poor foot-ſore wanderer, ſo I drew from my bundle a leathern cup, which always journeyed with me, and was rendered ſacred in my eſtimation from its having touched the lips of the bonnieſt Prince in the world, and took a draught of the freſh water, then trudged onwards, tired and jaded; yet the ſight of the dawn gradually riſing from behind the hills, the ſtreaks of gray and pink-red, ſo often ſeen in early morn, which appeared to kiſs the high dark mountain peaks, was ſo enchanting, I thought neither of the chilly air nor of my troubles. The cup.

The ſight of a young red-haired laſſie croſſing a field to milk ſome cows, cheered me with the hopes of getting a draught of it; ſo, at the coſt of a few bawbees, I was much refreſhed; alſo glad to be told that a village

was not far off, where I ſhould be able to get a ſharry-dan to take me home. The girl ſeemed curious to know more, but I only aſcertained from her what I wiſhed to find out—where the Manſe was ſituated, and the name of the Miniſter. My reaſon for ſeeing him, was to tell the ſtrange adventure; alſo

Juſtice. that inquiries might be inſtituted relative to my dreadful diſcovery, which might lead to the murderers being brought to juſtice.

One of the wretches I could have ſworn to if required; but, at all events, the thought ſtruck me of informing the Miniſter, who would act as he judged beſt in the matter.

However, it was yet too early to knock up the family at the Manſe, ſo after the girl had done with the cows, ſhe conducted me to a ſmall, rather tidy looking bothy, where her mother was buſtling about, preparing the bairns' porridge. The good woman made me welcome, and truly glad was I to have a ſhare of it, and a reſt for my wearied limbs.

No doubt ſhe was curious about me, but I did not enlighten her, or indeed care what ſhe thought. I ſimply ſaid I had buſineſs at the Manſe.

After an hour or two, the woman ſent one of her children to ſhow me the way. A reſpectable looking elderly man was in the garden, overlooking a boy who was at work. This perſon I concluded was the miniſter, ſo I told him the horrid tale, and hoped he would kindly act a friendly part towards me.

On hearing my name he expreſſed much intereſt, having heard ſuch wonderful things of my poor ſimple ſelf years agone. He promiſed to have the affair inveſtigated by a friend of his, who was a Juſtice of the Peace.

The Manſe.

I was introduced to the ladies of his family at their hoſpitable breakfaſt-table, and they all praiſed me for the courage I had ſhown in my night adventure.

Friends.

Moſt kind they were, wiſhing me to reſt a few days, and ſend a line to my huſband of what had occurred; but I was impatient to continue my journey; ſo, as ſoon as arrangements could be made, a Highland car with a driver who knew the road, for I was miles out of the direct way home, was at the gate, and I bade farewell to this amiable family, whoſe acquaintance, commencing under ſuch ſtrange circumſtances, has ripened into an intimacy that will, I hope, ever continue. The old man is dead, but the wife and daughters, now living in the village, the Manſe being occupied by another miniſter, we ſometimes go and viſit. You have heard me often ſpeak of them, Maggie,—the Gunns, formerly of Tweedale Manſe.

I wiſhed to get home, for when the excitement of danger, which had braced up my nervous ſyſtem, had paſſed off, I felt a languor coming over me, that might rapidly increaſe, and longed for complete reſt.

Oh! it appeared an endleſs journey! At laſt, however, home was reached in ſafety. My dear huſband's open arms received me with his uſual affection and anxious inquiries as to the cauſe of delay. I had juſt ſtrength to tell him briefly what had happened, when I fainted and loſt all recollection for above two hours.

III.

I was for days in bed, ſuffering from the fatigue and expoſure from the cold of that dreadful, never-to-be-forgotten night of horror, which even now I hate to call to mind; ſo ſhall finiſh the tragic tale by merely ſtating, that Mr Gunn's friend was moſt active in tracing out the ſcene of the murder, making minute inquiries after the two men, but the wretches had decamped, leaving the evidence of their crime in the houſe, being, it was ſuppoſed, too hurried to inter their unfortunate victim, nor was it ever diſcovered who he was.

The inn has been pulled down, which from

but far in the north country, for, of course, it was said to be banned. On our wife to Burnbrae I always hasten on passing this spot.

About the year 1766 there was brought to our distant world news from abroad which was of interest, for it informed us of Prince Charles's father, James III. of England, having died at the end of December 1765, at the age of seventy-eight. He had long been ailing, and unable to leave his residence in Rome for three years; so in our hearts we considered our Prince as King Charles III.; but our informant went on to state that he was never liked at the Papal Court, being suspected of having become a Protestant, termed by the Romanists, a heretic; but whether he is so or not, his pretensions are not likely to be acknowledged by the Pope.

Charles III.

He and his brother Prince Henry, Cardinal York, are not on cordial terms, possibly for this reason, that the Cardinal, as a stanch

Romaniſt, could not, conſiſtently with his high clerical poſition, ſanction a wavering in the religious tenets of the Prince. Our friend told us that the latter is living in or near Florence. Hereſy.

No occurrence of any family importance interrupted our uſual quiet mode of life, ſo I paſs over a good many years, during which time our children were growing fine lads and laſſies; for between the dates of 1751 and 1766, we had ſeven olive branches ſporting around us, all born at Flodigary. They were named Charles, Ann, Alexander, Ranald, James, John, and my youngeſt, little Fanny. I am rather ſorry now that neither of my daughters were called after me. Let us hope in due time the name of Flora will be remembered, and that it may become a common family-name.

Alas! the next change in our domeſtic circle brought great ſorrow to my huſband and myſelf—the death of his dear father; by

which event Kingſburgh Houſe becoming Allan's property, we left Flodigary to reſide in the family-manſion.

Changes.

It was long before I could feel myſelf the miſtreſs of a houſe in which I had lived ſo often as a gueſt. I thought much of years gone by, and of the warm-hearted affection ever ſhown me by my kind father-in-law; a better man never exiſted. His death occurred in 1772.

A curious circumſtance took place ſomewhere about this time. I do not preciſely recollect the date, for I am now upwards of ſixty-five, and at that age the memory begins to have little holes which let ſlip ſuch ſundry particulars. What I have to relate concerns a wraith; ſo prick up your ſharp ears, dear Maggie.

I was viſiting at our relations the M'Queens, when ſtaying there was a lady whom I was told to notice, as ſhe had the faculty of ſeeing ghoſts — real ſpirits,

Maggie! not only at night, but alſo in the daytime. At firſt I was inclined to treat the ſubject jokingly, requeſting Mrs M'Queen would aſk her not to give a ſpecimen of her accompliſhment while I was in the houſe; but it was not long before a fact occurred which took away all the mirth I had indulged in.

This lady, Mrs M'Queen, a young laſſie, alſo a viſitor, and myſelf, were ſitting around a coſy fire in the bedroom of our kind hoſteſs. Suddenly the lady gently touched Mrs M'Queen on the ſhoulder, ſaying, in a low voice, "Turn round, and tell me who is ſtanding by the drawers." Eerie.

We all looked: I ſaw nothing, but heard the ruſtle of a ſilk dreſs, at the ſame time a whiff of air ſeemed to paſs cloſe to me, cauſing a cold ſhuddering ſenſation I had never felt before.

Mrs M'Queen, ſtarting up, put out her hand, and welcomed ſome one by name;

then ſhe ſcreamed, crying out that it was a ſpirit, for the young lady had faintly ſmiled and diſappeared, "as if ſhe ſunk into the ground."

That was her deſcription of this ſtrange affair. The little girl ſaw nothing, nor did ſhe feel the chilling puff of wind. She laughed at us, ſaying it was all nonſenſe. However, I relate ſimply what occurred, ſo people may judge for themſelves. Perhaps many would be inclined to think it was an illuſion of a vivid imagination; yet as certain

Fact. I am of a ſpectre having appeared in that room as that I am now writing theſe lines; and a further proof was given of Mrs M'Queen's not having been miſtaken, by the arrival of a letter ſome days later from a relation of the young lady, who mentioned that her ſiſter had died preciſely at the time the ſpirit appeared in Mrs M'Queen's bedroom.

Although by no means a nervous perſon, yet I avoided that room ever after.

Sometime in the year 1773—I forget the exact date—Kingſburgh Houſe received no leſs a perſonage than the great Doctor Samuel Johnſon, he having brought a letter of introduction from one of my former London friends. He was accompanied by Mr Boſwell, an intimate companion, whom he called "Boſey;" and the purport of their viſit to the Highlands was to make up a book, to be printed, with all the wonders they ſaw in our ſimple country. Of courſe the greateſt of thoſe wonders was the once celebrated "Miſs Flora." So after liſtening with becoming gravity to the flattering praiſes of the talented Doctor, I promiſed him the gratification of reſting for the night in our gueſt-room, in which was the bed with the tartan hangings rendered ſo precious to us as having been ſlept in by the dear Prince.

Notes.

Doctor Johnſon remarked afterwards, that the ambitious thoughts he had anticipated from ſleeping in a bed occupied, as he expreſſed

it, "by the laſt of the Stuarts," did not trouble his repoſe. On taking leave, I ſaid how honoured I felt by his viſit; which little piece of civility, added to our humble ſhow of hoſpitality to himſelf and friend, muſt have pleaſed the old gentleman, for he afterwards wrote very polite things of me in his printed book, and as he greatly diſliked Scotch people, a ſentiment eaſily diſcerned in his converſation, beſides being rather a woman-hater, I con-

Lucky.

ſidered myſelf moſt particularly favoured.

It is ſingular how frequently the cleverest perſons are addicted to queer habits! Why, this Doctor Johnſon, this man of deep learning, never entered a room without placing his right foot over the door-ſill, and if by forgetfulneſs the left chanced to preſent itſelf, he would retire a few ſteps to enable the guilty member to act with propriety! He gave as a reaſon "that better luck attended the right than the left."

Oh, moſt ſapient Doctor! you were wrong

to ridicule Scotch people and their ſuperſtitions. But certainly he wrote moſt clever books.

So much for Dr Johnſon's viſit to Kingſburgh, nor was I ſorry to have ſeen the man whom all the world ſpoke of as being the greateſt ſcholar of the age.

In 1775 my huſband put in practice a plan he and I had often talked over—that of joining the emigrants who were leaving their native hills, to better their fortunes on the other ſide of the Atlantic.

We were induced to favour this ſcheme, more particularly as a ſucceſſion of failures of the crops, and unforeſeen family expenſes, rather cramped our ſmall income. So, after making various domeſtic arrangements, one of which was to ſettle our dear boy Johnnie under the care of a kind friend, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Delvin, near Dunkeld, until he was of age for an India appointment, we took ſhip for North America. The others went

Hard times.

with us, my youngeſt girl excepted, whom I left with friends: ſhe was only nine years old.

Family. Ann was a fine young woman, and my ſons as promiſing fellows as ever a mother could deſire.

Believe me, dear Maggie, in packing the things, the Prince's ſheet was put up in lavender, ſo determined I was to be laid in it, whenever it might pleaſe my Heavenly Father to command the end of my days.

On reaching North Carolina, Allan ſoon purchaſed and ſettled upon an eſtate, but our tranquillity was ere long broken up by the diſturbed ſtate of the country; and my huſband took an active part in that dreadful War of Independence. The Highlanders were now as forward in evincing attachment to the Britiſh Government as they had furiouſly oppoſed it in former years.

My poor huſband, being loyally diſpoſed, was treated harſhly by the oppoſite party,

and was confined for ſome time in gaol at Halifax.

After being liberated, he was officered in a loyal corps, the North Carolina Highlanders; and although America ſuited me and the young people, yet my huſband thought it adviſable, at the concluſion of the war, to quit a country that had involved us in anxiety and trouble almoſt from the firſt month of our landing on its ſhores. So, at a favourable ſeaſon for departure, we ſailed for our native country, all of us, excepting our ſons Charles and Ranald, who were in New York expecting appointments, which they ſoon after obtained: Alexander was already, dear boy, at ſea. Thus our family was reduced in number.

Situations.

On the voyage home, all went on well until the veſſel encountered a French ſhip of war, and we were alarmed on finding that an action was likely to take place. The Captain gave orders for the ladies to remain

below, ſafe from the ſkirmiſh; but I could not reſt quiet, knowing my huſband's ſpirit and energy would carry him into the thick of the fighting, therefore I ruſhed up the companion-ladder, I think it was ſo called, and inſiſted on remaining on deck to ſhare my huſband's fate, whatever that might be.

Well, dear Maggie, thinking the ſailors were not ſo active as they ought to have been—and they appeared creſtfallen, as if they expected a defeat—I took courage, and urged them on by aſſerting their rights and the certainty of victory. Alas! for my weak endeavours to be of ſervice I was badly rewarded, being thrown down in the noiſe and confuſion on deck, I was fain to go below, ſuffering excruciating agony in my arm, which the Doctor, who was fortunately on board, pronounced to be broken. It was well ſet, yet from that time to this, it has been conſiderably weaker than the other. So you ſee I have perilled my life for both the Houſes of

Loyal.

Stuart and Brunſwick, and gained nothing from either ſide!

On our return to Skye we were warmly welcomed by a hoſt of relations and dear friends; yet, alas! many a gap there was in the family circle. Death had been rife on our native hills, and ſincerely we had to mourn the loſs of ſeveral valued friends. My dear mother and my dear relations at Kingſburgh had long gone to their reſt, even before we went to America. Welcome.

There was alſo a change at Strathaird, for my ſiſter-in-law, Anne M'Aliſter, having become a widow, in due time remarried with M'Kinnon of Corrychatachan, a widower with a family; and one of his ſons formed an attachment to a daughter of Anne's, which ultimately led to a marriage.

Mrs M'Kinnon has had no family in her ſecond marriage. She was a dear creature, and made as good and amiable a wife at Corry as ſhe had done while at Strathaird;

indeed, ſhe was a kind ſiſter-in-law, whom I loved moſt dearly.

Son-in-law.

There was another link added to our chain of family relationſhip, by a marriage at Cuidrach between my ſiſter Annabella's ſon, a fine young man, Donald M'Donald, and my dear Fanny, our youngeſt daughter. This union afforded my huſband and myſelf much ſatiſfaction. How proud we were of Fanny—ſhe was ſuch a fine young woman! "Hey, ma'am, ſhe's juſt a magnificent cretur!" as an old Highland laird ſtyled my darling girl. She was very young, ſcarcely out of childhood, when Donald took her from us, and never have we repented giving her to ſuch a good amiable man.

One of my nieces, a daughter of Annabella, ſettled at Courthill, having married her couſin, Major M'Donald, all theſe intermarriages formed a ſtrong band of family affection, creating a feeling of intereſt which, while our enemy Time wears on, is increaſed inſtead of

being diminiſhed. In only one ſenſe, perhaps, is the bond rendered more painful,—when couſins happy in married liſe are ſevered by the ſtream of death. This I have had to witneſs in many caſes.

In this catalogue of family-weddings that of my eldeſt daughter, Anne, to Major M'Leod, was entirely with the ſanction of her parents; a more excellent worthy huſband ſhe could not have found anywhere. She has now a group of intereſting children; and indeed, at the time I write this, my return home from attending her during one of her confinements is very recent. My daughters keep Grannie's time pretty well occupied by having to take theſe journeys, which remind me of our family ſymbol, "*Per mare per terras*," for ſome one told me that theſe words Engliſhed mean "By ſea and by land,"—the origin of which ſentence I will explain, dear Maggie, by inſerting here the Highland legend attaching to it. Motto.

In the early days of Scotland's ſtate of bar-

bariſm, when our anceſtors had no fixed laws to govern their ſavage actions, when might was right, and daily conflicts occurred for the poſſeſſion of unappropriated lands, the Iſland of Skye was coveted by the chiefs of two clans: one was a M'Donald; I have ſorgotten the name of the other, it being long ſince I read the account.

After bitter hoſtilities between theſe men, each determined to obtain the iſland for himſelf and his poſterity, they agreed to ſettle the diſpute in this manner.

Teſt. A day was fixed, and friends of the combatants appointed as umpires to decide the merits of a boat-race; for the conditions were, that whichever of the men firſt reached the ſhore, the iſland was from that moment to belong to him and his heirs.

It was a hard pull, and M'Donald's antagoniſt had every proſpect of ſucceſs, when ſuddenly our anceſtor ſeized a hatchet, chopped off his arm, in the hand of which was the croſs

croſſlet, this conflict taking place in the time of the Cruſades, and flinging it with the force of a ſavage on the ſhore, exclaimed, "M'Donald has gained; his fleſh has firſt touched the land!'

Origin.

This, dear Maggie, was the origin of our motto, and ſince thoſe ſavage times the Iſle of Skye has been in the poſſeſſion of the M'Donalds.

I often think of "ſea and land" on my intereſting family journeys; for on the occaſion of being ſummoned by my eldeſt daughter, I have far to go to croſs the water, and my youngeſt is ſettled very far inland.

I do not expect to ſee much of our ſons, for having choſen their profeſſions, they will find a difficulty in obtaining leave to viſit Scotland. Alas! dear Maggie! you know the affliction I and his father were in, on learning the ſad tale of our dear ſon Sandie, who was loſt at ſea—ſwept off the deck in a violent ſtorm. It cut me to the heart; he

was ſuch a noble ſpirited lad—oh! how dear to me!

Doing well. We have good accounts of the others, all doing well, and are, by what we hear, much liked in their regiments. Charles has his captaincy in the "Queen's Rangers." Ranald is alſo a Captain in the Marine ſervice: he is the handſomeſt of all my ſons. James is now ſerving in Tarlton's Britiſh Legion; and from our dear John, now in India at Fort Marlbro', we receive the moſt dutiful, ſenſible letters. He has it in his power to ſhow his talents, being in the Engineering department of the Eaſt India Service. Not only was he educated at the High School of Edinburgh, but he alſo had the advantage of his claſſics being attended to while under the care of kind M'Kenzie of Delvin, who made him work at his books during the holiday-time, which I believe Maſter Johnnie did not much reliſh, yet now he will find the benefit of it. Indeed, he often expreſſes a

grateful feeling for the worthy old gentleman, who, as my ſon ſays, meant well by urging on his ſtudies, although a young lad might be excuſed, if he ſhowed a diſinclination to turn out of a warm bed on cold winter mornings, to pore over Latin and Greek exerciſes, eſpecially during the few weeks uſually ſpent in home-recreation.

Hardſhip.

Johnnie told me he never ſhould forget Sir Alexander M'Kenzie's daily habit of arouſing him before daylight, with the ſame Latin ſentence dunned into his ears every morning, ſomething about "the Muſes being early riſers." However, whether they were ſo or not, Johnnie did not care, and only had the boyiſh feeling of vexation at having his reſt diſturbed; but now he can eſtimate the kindneſs of the old gentleman, and has often written to him from India.

John has a ſenſible face, with fine expreſſive eyes, otherwiſe he is not ſo good-looking as his elder brothers. Ranald is, as I ſaid

before, exceedingly handſome, and Charles is a ſplendid fellow, on whoſe appearance my huſband and I have been complimented by Lord M'Donald, with whom he is a great favourite.

Proud. Am I a vain mother, Maggie? If you, and other readers of these pages conſider me ſo, I crave forgiveneſs on the ſcore of maternal affection.

Yes; I am proud of all my children; and when together in the family-circle, none of them can feel more cheerful than the "auld mither" in her arm-chair.

Ranald is eſpecially plucky, as the lads ſay, about his adventures, having been with Rodney at the taking of St Euſtatia. When on that ſubject he rides the high horſe to perfection, and gives ſuch a graphic account of the engagement, that we get moſt intereſted in liſtening to him.

And next to my own family, every member of whom is ſo entwined in the cords of my

heart, there is yet one object to intereſt my feelings of friendly regard—the one for whom I ſuffered in early life ſo much miſery and anxiety of mind. You know, Maggie, to whom I allude, to our own dear Prince, now in a foreign land, at this time reſiding near Florence under the title of the Count of Albany. Albany.

His brother, Cardinal York, is in Rome, and it was only lately my huſband and I had intelligence of them, which was in conſequence of a converſation that occurred between the Cardinal and a Highland gentleman, not very long ſince, relative to myſelf.

It ſeems the Cardinal, knowing he was from the Iſle of Skye, made inquiries as to what had become of the young Highland lady who had ſo courageouſly aided his brother in eſcaping from his enemies? And then added, that he did not know in what circumſtances I might be, but that—mind the condition, Maggie!—if I would change my

creed, and become a Romaniſt, he would offer me a penſion yearly, for any ſum I liked to name.

Refuſal. My friend, judging rightly as to the ſtate of my religious feelings, took upon himſelf to decline ſuch a propoſal, reſpectfully adding, that I did not require pecuniary aid; even if I did, he was certain the offer, with ſuch a condition attached, would be conſidered the reverſe of a compliment in the caſe of a perſon who is, as well as each of her family, a ſtanch Proteſtant. No; had I been ſtarving, I would not have accepted the Cardinal's favour. Yet I believe his Royal Highneſs meant kindly; ſo, viewing the matter in that light, he has my thanks and gratitude for the recollection of a ſimple body in a far-off country.

Indeed, Prince Henry's inquiry after me ſhowed more thoughtfulneſs than has been evinced by Prince Charles, or rather, our Sovereign, for ſuch he now is, who up to the preſent time, I am told, has not once aſked

whether I am dead or alive, or ever alluded to his "Preſerver."

I underſtand he has married a foreign Princeſs, young enough to be his daughter, and that, like all matches contracted between perſons where there exiſts a great diſparity in age, it has turned out very unhappily. In 1772.

Poor unfortunate Prince! What a ſad fate is his! How painful muſt be his thoughts when memory traces back the hills and dales of Scotland, and the devoted band of faithful Highlanders who bled and died for his ſake! Nay, ſo peculiarly ſenſitive is he on this ſubject, that on the occaſion of a Scotch gentleman being honoured by an invitation to dinner, the converſation turning on the Battle of Culloden, and the brave conduct of his ſoldiery, his Royal Highneſs was ſo agitated, he fell down in a fit, on which a lady, ſaid to be a very near relation, who reſided with him, came hurriedly into the room. "Ah, Sir!" ſaid ſhe, "you muſt have touched on a forbidden ſub-

ject: the Prince is always ſo excited when allufion is made to Scotland and the Highlanders. I muſt requeſt you will not venture on it again!"

Alas! poor Charlie! He is, in all probability, fated to be the laſt of the Stuarts.

Charles III. We Highlanders conſider him now as our legal Sovereign, Charles III. of Scotland and England, his father, King James, having, as I ſaid before, died in 1765; but I hear he is only thus acknowledged abroad by his friends and dependants.

Alas! he may not laſt long, being feeble and ſadly broken-down in ſpirits. His chief amuſement is muſic, of which he is paſſionately fond; and many of his evenings are paſſed with a muſician named Corri, who plays the harpſichord, and the Prince the violincello.

Alſo, his Royal Highneſs is a good compoſer of ſongs and all ſorts of muſic.

People do ſay that within the laſt few years

he has ſometimes viſited England under a feigned name; but whether ſuch a report be true or falſe, he has never reached the Highlands. No; if he had ever come to our blue hills he could not have concealed himſelf, the warmth of our hearts would have found him out, dear perſecuted Prince!

My ſtep-father was told that at a public aſſemblage of Highland and Engliſh gentlemen, the Prince being preſent, he was ſo much affected at hearing a young Highlander ſing the old pathetic ballad of "Lochaber no more," he was obliged to leave the room; he was in tears. How he is belied by the many who ſtate that Prince Charles is wanting in feeling! Quite the reverſe; he is only too ſenſitive; and they are no true friends who make any alluſion to Scotland before him. Senſitive.

But how my pen does run on! I am ſurpriſed at myſelf. Really it is full time I ſhould finiſh filling up ſo many quires of

letter-paper,—I believe the greater part of the ſtock-in-trade of the worthy grocer, who alſo deals in ſtationery, in the adjoining village. Perhaps he is under the deluſion that I am plotting againſt the Government in my old age, for he gazes with aſtoniſhment when "the leddy at the big houſe" ſo frequently purchaſes from his laſt inveſtment; and as for my huſband, his good-humoured ſmile comes over his bonny old face when, on entering the room, he ſees me occupied in "dotting down," as you called it, Maggie, the recollections of former days.

Suſpicions.

Giving way to the memory is like opening the flood-gate of a ruſhing ſtream: its power cannot be checked; nay, it is even added to by the force of the waters it meets with in its courſe. So is it with this MS., which on commencing I intended ſhould only extend to a few pages, but my mind has been arouſed, as if from a ſleepy dream of the paſt, to exert its dormant powers in an

humble endeavour to exerciſe a uſually ſluggiſh pen, for the pleaſure of being enabled to intereſt my friends by a peruſal of that which, I can aſſure them, has alſo intereſted me in the writing.

It is true much that is painful has, as in a picture, been brought out in vivid colours to my mind's eye, yet, at the ſame time, here and there the picture of my life is interſperſed with daſhes of happy recollections, which even now cheer the heart of the "auld Highland mither." The rainbow ſucceeding a ſhower is a pleaſing ſight, but my contentment is equally bright, and leſs evaneſcent, than that moſt beautiful of Nature's works. Evening.

So now, having nothing more to add to the many pages that perhaps ſome of my friends, who are too ſincere to flatter me, may truly conſider had far better not have been written, I have only to ſay good-bye to my little MS., which, having been originally commenced for your edification, my dear

young friend, after it has gone the round of my relations, and afforded them a few hours' amuſement in the peruſal, I intend as a preſent to yourſelf, to do what you like with, for I never care to ſee it again.

While writing theſe laſt words, my huſband, who unknown to me was looking over my ſhoulder, ſtartled me by exclaiming, "Give
Love. it away, indeed! No; my dear wife ſhall do nothing of the kind: it ſhall never be parted with. So remember that I receive theſe papers into my own poſſeſſion after Maggie and the others who are clamouring to read them have ſatiſfied their curioſity. Whatever they may think, mind, dear Flory, the handwriting of one ſo dear to me ſhall never run the chance of being loſt or deſtroyed."

So, Maggie, what my lord and maſter ſays, I, like a good wife, muſt abide by. Therefore you muſt accept the inclination as the act; and pray take care of the MS., which it ſeems the laird of Kingſburgh ſo highly values. Poſſibly

he conſiders it will hereafter prove a ſplendid addition to the literature of our dear native Highlands!

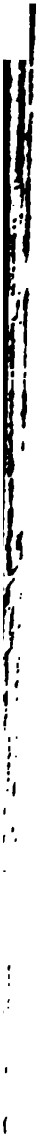
You will perceive I finiſh this in my own home, but it was begun in your mother's pretty reſidence, where, if you recollect, Maggie, I was on a viſit when you firſt ſuggeſted the idea of my "dotting down" the curious circumſtances which have occurred in my life's journey of now ſixty-five years.

Your wiſh has been reſponded to. Farewell, dear girl! and that every preſent and future happineſs may be yours, is the ſincere and heartfelt deſire of your very affectionate old friend. Good-bye.

FLORA M'DONALD.

KINGSBURGH HOUSE, 1787.

APPENDIX.



EDITORIAL.

As the reader may feel intereſted in the after-life of many perſons mentioned in the foregoing pages, the following particulars are added by the grand-daughter of the "Preſerver of Prince Charles."

EDITORIAL AND SUPPLEMENTARY.

FLORA M'DONALD retained to the laſt a great diſlike to hear alluſions made to the reigning monarch of England, nor would ſhe ever name George III.; and on one occaſion ſhe not only very ſharply reprimanded her ſon John for ſtyling the latter "His Majeſty," but actually ſlapped the poor boy's face, ſaying, "ſhe would hear nothing of 'Soft Geordie.'"

Her life was paſſed in Skye, and at her death, which occurred the 5th March 1790, in her ſixty-ninth year, the ſheet ſhe had preſerved for ſo many years was uſed as her ſhroud. The ſheet.

She was interred in the burial ground of

Kilmuir, in Trotterniſh, which encloſed the tombs of the Kingſburgh family.

The funeral was attended by three thouſand perſons, amongſt whom were ſome of high rank, and refreſhments were liberally provided.

Her youngeſt ſon, Lieutenant-Colonel John M'Donald, originally had a ſlab-ſtone to his mother's memory, on which were inſcribed the ſuitable words of Dr Johnſon, quoted in the title-page of this book, ſent to Skye, but it has been utterly deſtroyed by touriſts taking away pieces of the marble as relics.

In 1860 a great-grandſon of Flora, Captain, now Major, John M'Donald, had another tombſtone prepared to mark her laſt reſting-place, with the following inſcription:—

Epitaph.

"In the hiſtory of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whoſe memory

this tablet is rendered ſacred; and mankind will conſider that in FLORA M'DONALD were united the calm heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unſelfiſh devotion of a woman. Under Providence ſhe ſaved PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART from death on a ſcaffold, thus preventing the Houſe of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

Flora M'Donald died in the houſe of a dear friend and relative, Mrs M'Queen of Penendoune, wife of the Miniſter of Snizort, who lived not far from Kingſburgh.

Her huſband ſurvived her for two years. He died at Kingſburgh in 1792, and was interred at Kilmuir in Dariniſh, Dunvegan. All dead.

Their eldeſt ſon, Charles, was an elegant, accompliſhed man. He ſurvived his parents a few years; and at his funeral, his chief,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

On his return to England, he married, fecondly, Frances Maria, eldeft daughter of the late Sir Robert Chambers, Chief-Juftice of Bengal, by whom he had a family of feven fons and two daughters, who are all deceafed,

excepting his eldeſt daughter—who edits this autobiography.

Ann, Mrs Major M'Leod, had a family. None are living.

Fanny, Mrs M'Donald of Cuidrach, had a family: all deceaſed.

Many of the above-named grandſons and grand-daughters of Flora have married, and their children and grandchildren are numerous, and they can thus count four generations from their renowned anceſtreſs. To give the names of all theſe deſcendants would be beyond the limits of this little work.

Niel M'Donald M'Eachan, who accompanied Flora in the boat, eventually joined Prince Charles, and went with his Royal Highneſs to France.

At his royal maſter's requeſt, Niel was

appointed a Lieutenant in Ogilvie's Regiment of the Scots Brigade in the service of France.

He married a French person, and his family in the army became one of Napoleon I.'s greatest Generals, Marechal M'Donald, Duc de Tarante.

Ref. to.

In one of Neil M'Eachan's letters, he mentioned that on the occasion of Prince Charles being grossly insulted by the French King, who had him sent to the Castle of Vincennes, where he was placed in a shabby room, with no attendant but M'Eachan, he gave way to his wounded feelings. Throwing himself on a chair, he clasped his hands together, and burst into tears. "Oh! my faithful mountaineers!" exclaimed he; "would I were still with you!—I should never have been thus insulted!"

He wept bitterly, but not until alone with his faithful companion; for while the French

officers and guards were preſent, his manner was dignified and lofty.

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, virtually King Charles, died in January 1788, in his ſixty-eighth year. He was interred in the Cathedral of St Peter's in Rome. He had married in 1772 a German Princeſs, Louiſa Maximiliana Carolina of Stolberg-Guederan, from whom he ſeparated ſhortly after. She was thirty-two years younger than himſelf. His widow ſurvived him nearly thirty-ſix years, dying in January 1824. She was a warm friend and patroneſs of the poet Alfieri, to whoſe memory ſhe erected a monument by Canova. She reſided in Paris after leaving Prince Charles, but at the time of the French Revolution ſhe returned to Florence; and after the death of Alfieri, ſhe made a left-handed marriage with a French painter, Francis Xavier Fabre, who had been a friend of the poet.

Prince Charles had a daughter by a Miſs Walkinſhaw, whom he created Comteſſe d'Albany. She reſided with him until his death, and he left her all his property.

George III., having heard that Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, was reduced in means owing to the firſt French Revolution, allowed his diſtreſſed royal relative four thouſand per annum, which penſion he enjoyed until his death in 1807, in his eighty-third year.

Henry IX.

By the death of Prince Charles, Prince Henry became entitled to his brother's rights reſpecting the ſovereignty of Great Britain, but he wiſely made no attempt to gain the crown. On his death, he bequeathed, as Henry Stuart, to George IV., then Prince of Wales, the crown-jewels of his grandfather, James II., among which was included the Order of the Garter as worn by Charles I.

The Cardinal's death made George III. King by inheritance from the Stuarts, as previouſly he had inherited only from the Houſe of Hanover.

Over the remains of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England, a noble monument has been erected in St Peter's at Rome, at the expenſe of the Houſe of Hanover. The inſcription is as follows:—

JACOBO III.
JACOBO II. MAGNÆ BRIT : REGIS FILIO,
KAROLO EDWARDO,
ET HENRICO, DECANO PATRUM CARDINALIUM,
JACOBI III. FILIIS,
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ANNO MDCCCXIX.

BEATI MORTUI
QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR.

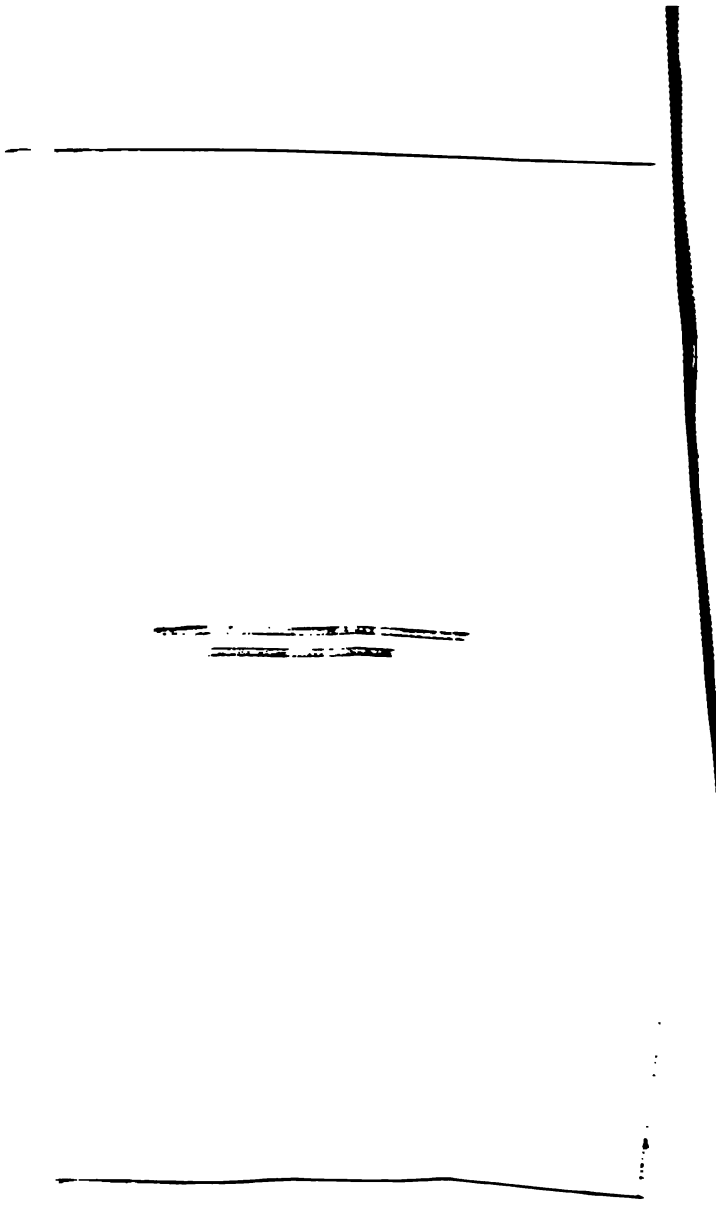
LINES by Mrs GRANT of Laggan, *to* Colonel JOHN M'DONALD, *the youngeſt ſon of "Flora."*

"Let those of wealth and empty titles proud
Dazzle with idle pomp the vulgar crowd;
'Tis *thine* a nobler ancestry to boast
For courage famed, for virtue honoured most.
Calm fortitude in female graces drest
Adorn'd the generous *Flora's* dauntless breast,
With ev'ry milder charm that sweetens life,—
The tender mother, and the virtuous wife,—
And all that loyal truth and courage claim,
Such honours deck the gentle heroine's name,
Who now to thee bequeaths her well-won fame."

FLORA M'DONALD:

"A name that will be mentioned in hiſtory, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle ſtature, ſoft features, gentle manners, and elegant preſence."

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